VICE

FREE
VOLUME 14 NUMBER 6





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☐ HELL YES!
☐ HELL NO!

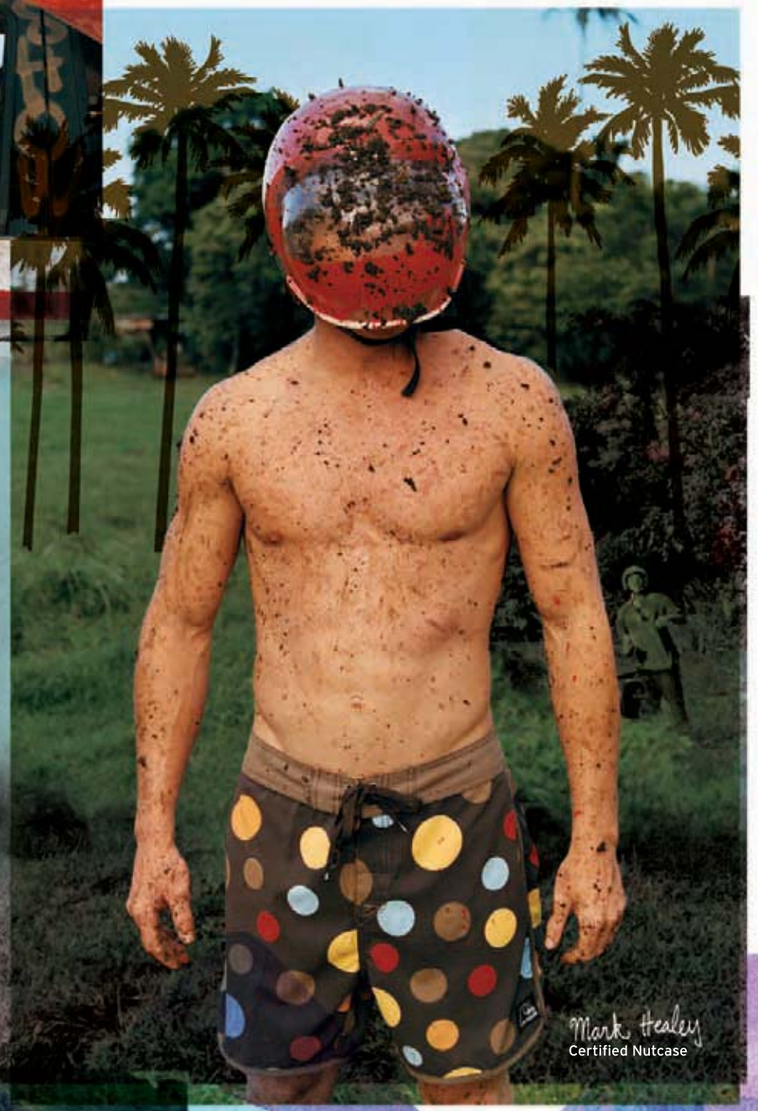
what moves you



Healey Tow-in



"Snap Haole!"



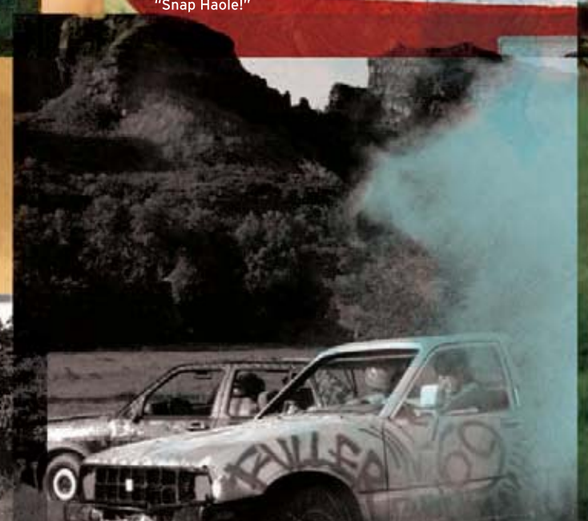
Mark Healey
Certified Nutcase

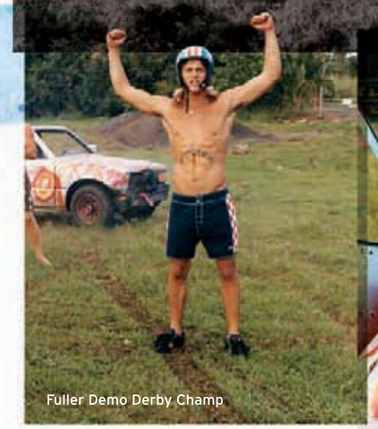


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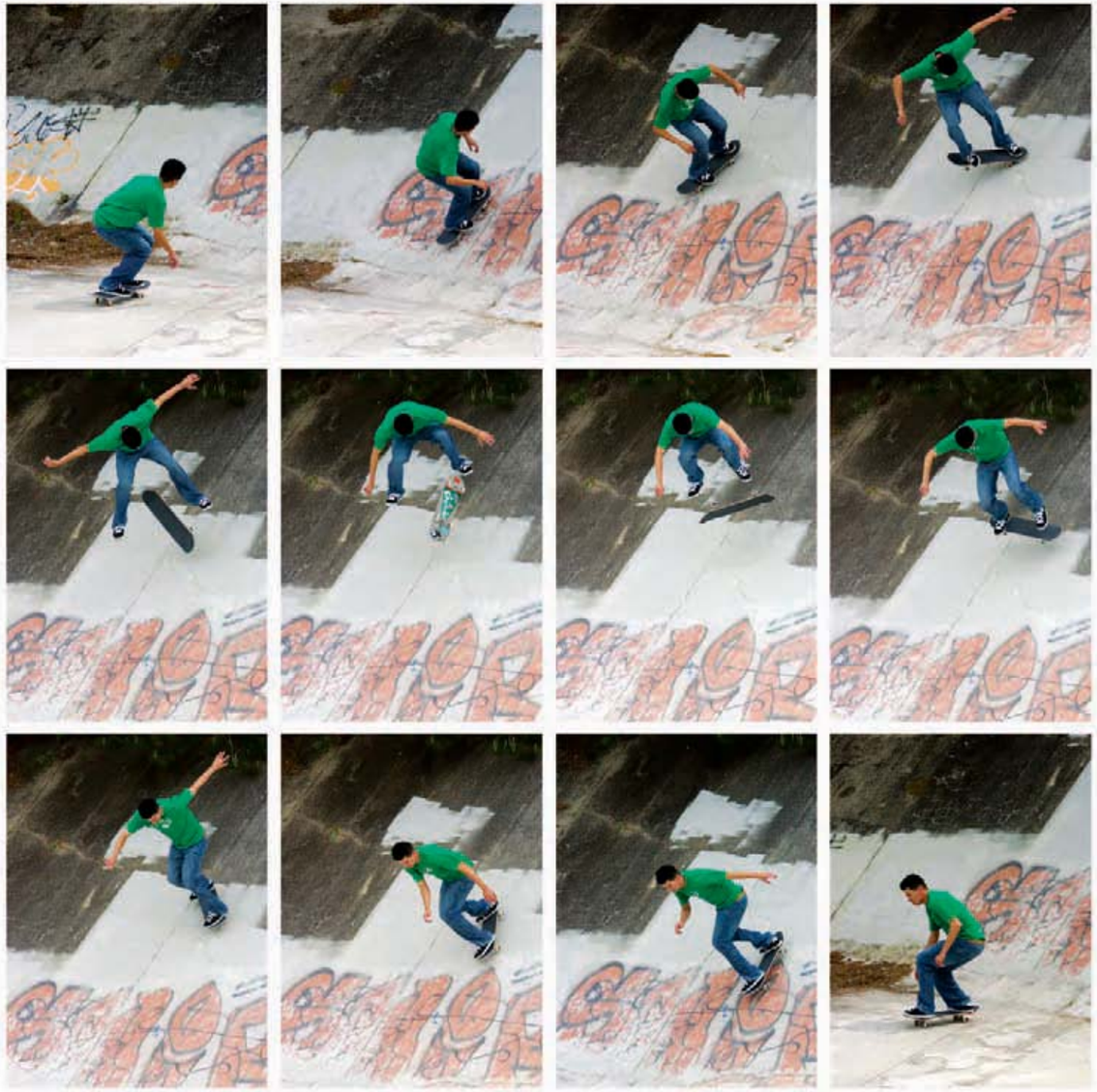
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Our managing editor is a wimp. She was so upset by all the "sad" stuff in this issue from places like Haiti and East Timor that she begged us to put something gentle and gay in for the table of contents photos. So here you go, Kellner. A happy wittle face on some guy's knee. Photo by Jamie Taete

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Cover photo by Ryan McGinley

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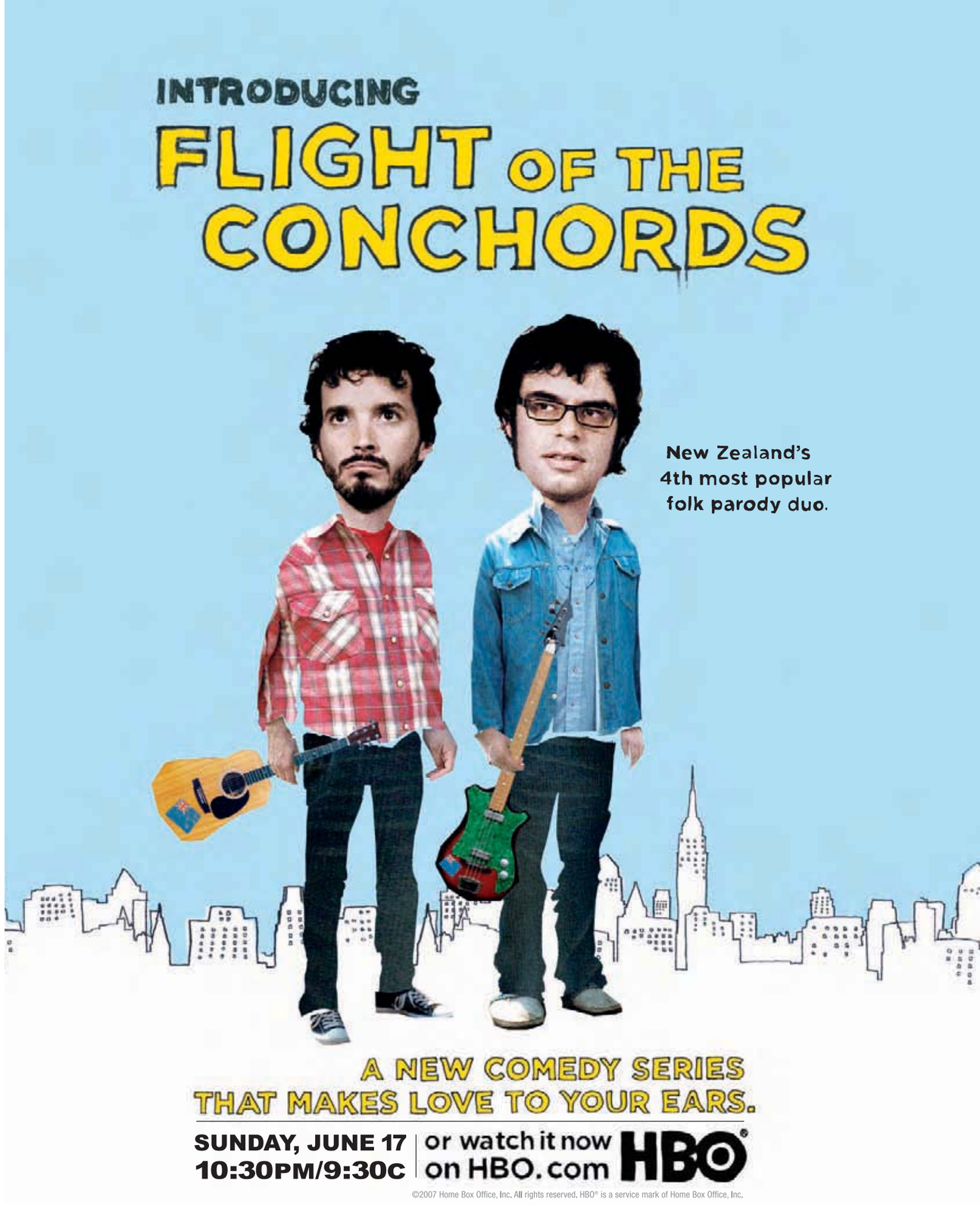
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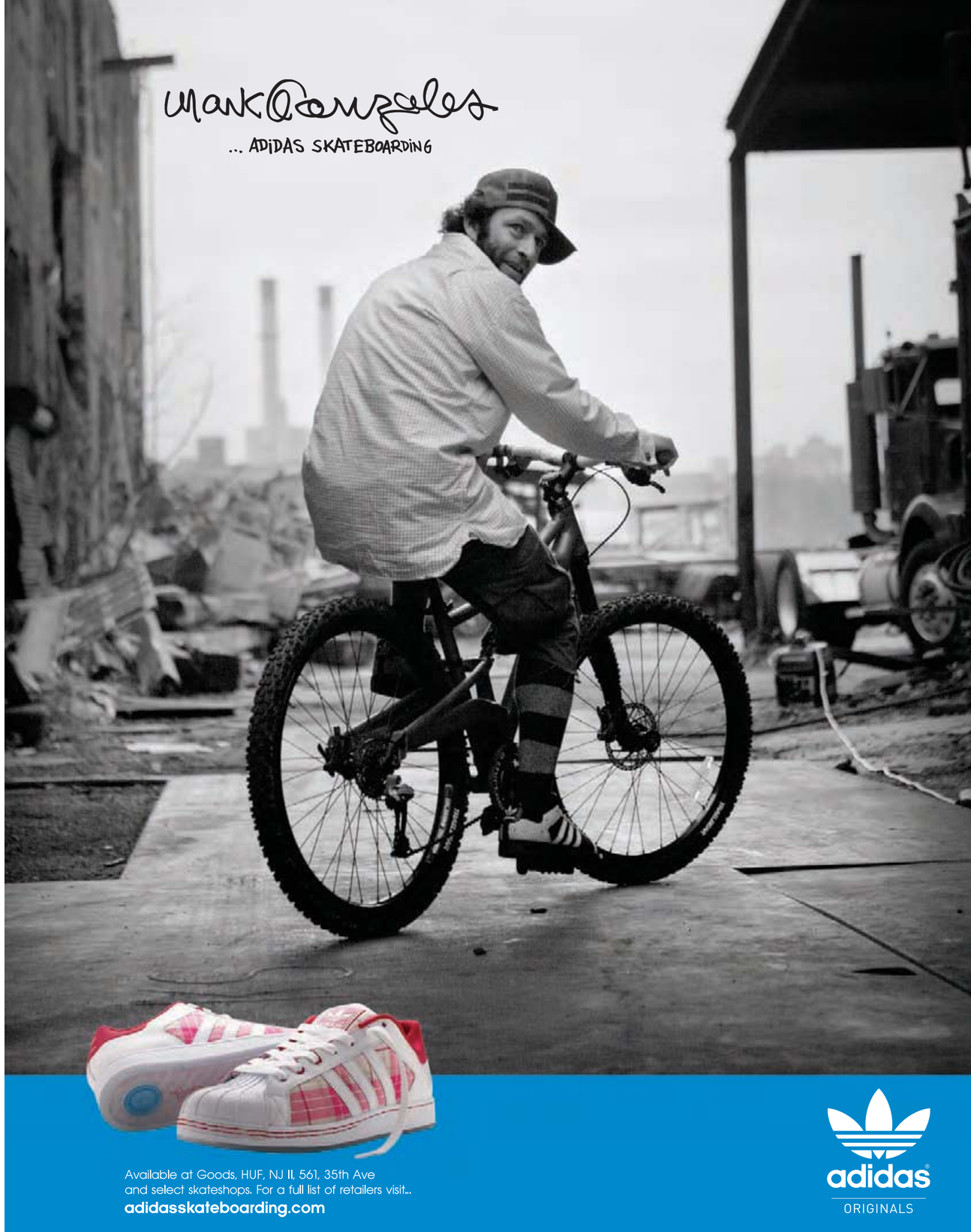
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Aw, look. A happy face over a door. Does that make anyone feel better about the fact that half the world is a war zone and humans are born just to die? Photo by Jamie Taete

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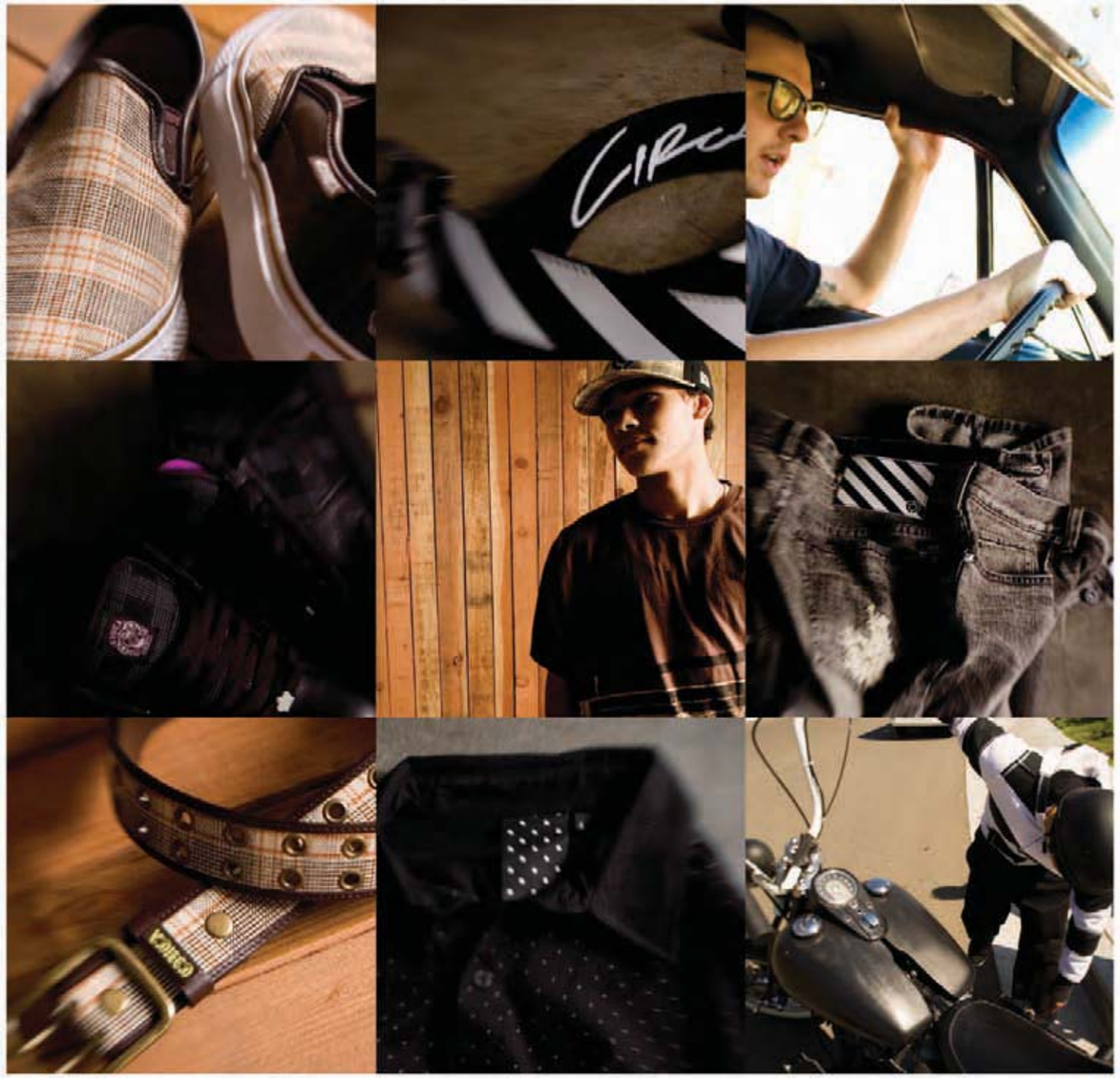
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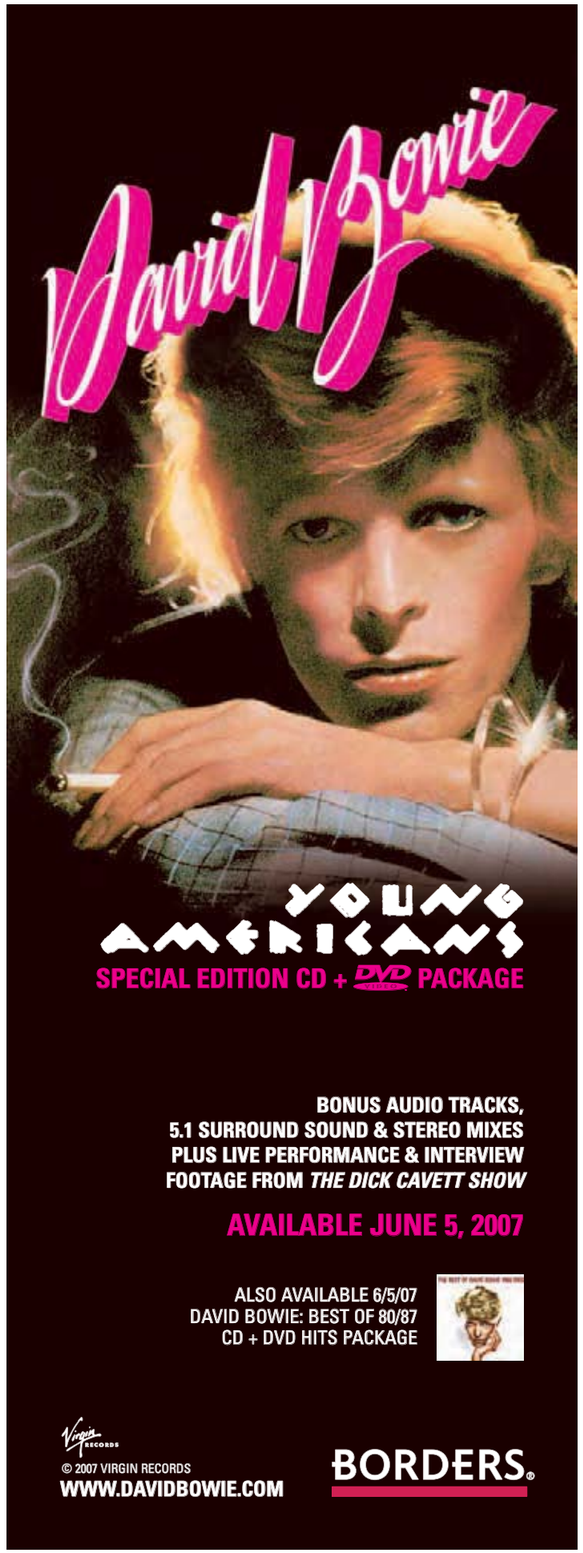
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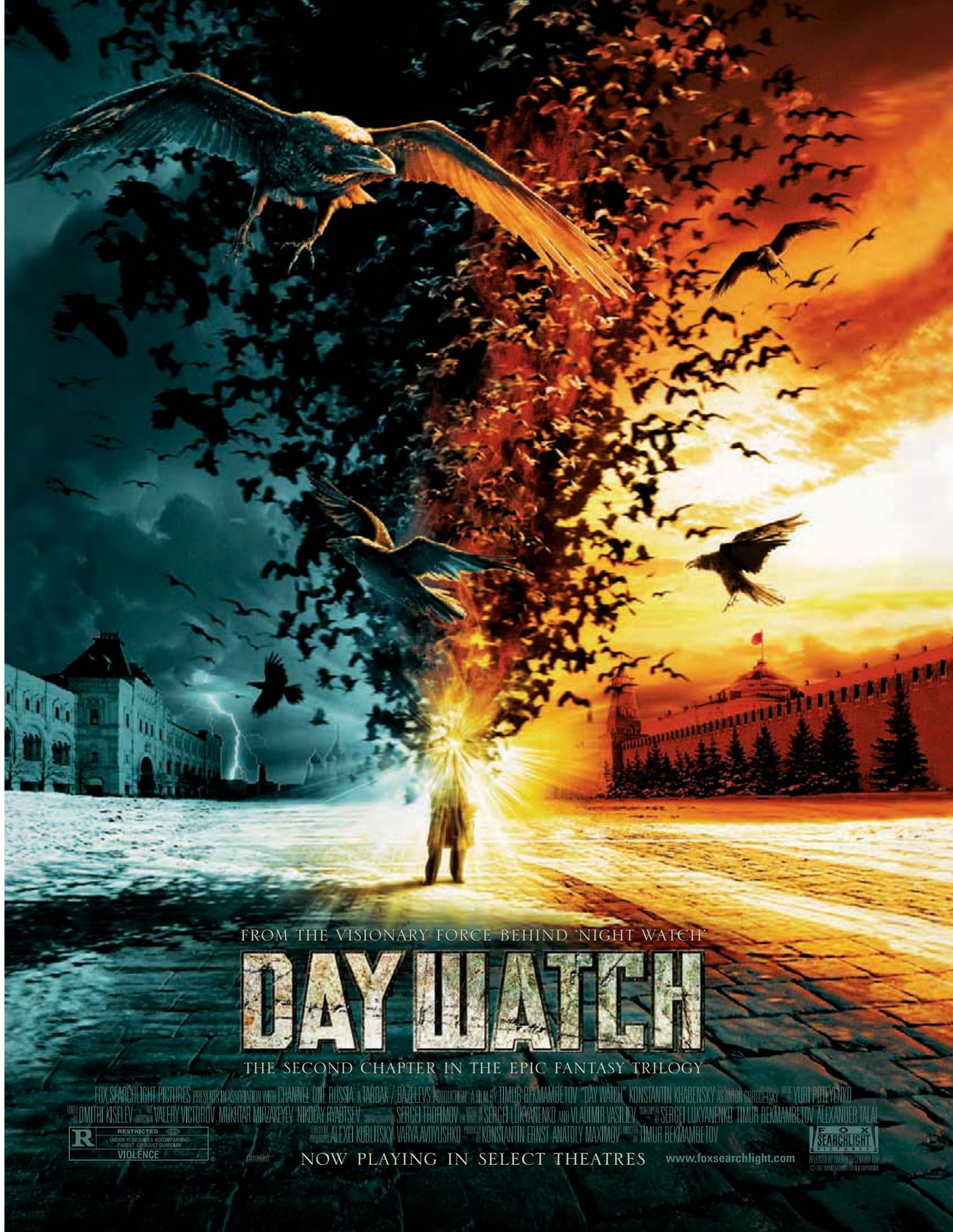
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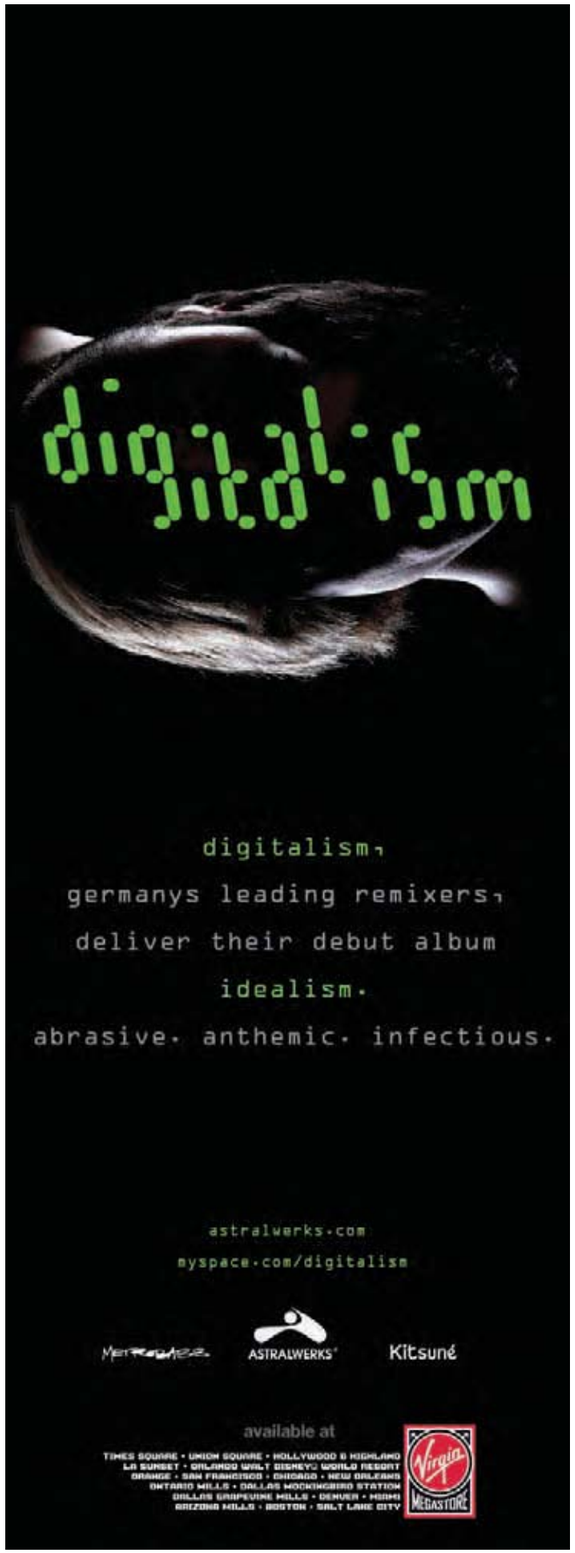
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PRINTED IN CANADA viceland.com

Vice Magazine is printed on an environmentally friendly paper containing ten percent post-consumer waste.













DAVID AXE David wrote the *Second Life* piece and the comic about East Timor for this issue. He is a freelance war correspondent for the *Washington Times*, C-SPAN, the *Village Voice*, and the BBC, and the military editor of *Defense Technology International* magazine. While we were arranging photo shoots with the Jam-X Kids back in August, he was working on two books: the graphic novel *War Fix* and *Army 101*, a nonfiction account of ROTC in wartime. He also authors a biweekly webcomic called *War Is Boring* (warisboring.com).

See THIS MEANS (SORT OF) WAR! *and* EAST TIMOR IS A RIOT, *pages 44 and 56*

PATTON OSWALT Patton is a stand-up comedian who's been in over 20 movies. He invented *The Comedians of Comedy* and he's a regular on *Reno 911!*, *Conan*, and *Jimmy Kimmel*. He was a voice in *SpongeBob SquarePants* and in *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* and… Look, basically Patton has been in every cool, funny thing that exists. Also, most importantly, he makes us happy. Before we got the pictures for his heroin article, we were genuinely suicidal. But after looking at them, we felt all giggly and warm for a sec. Thank you, P.O.

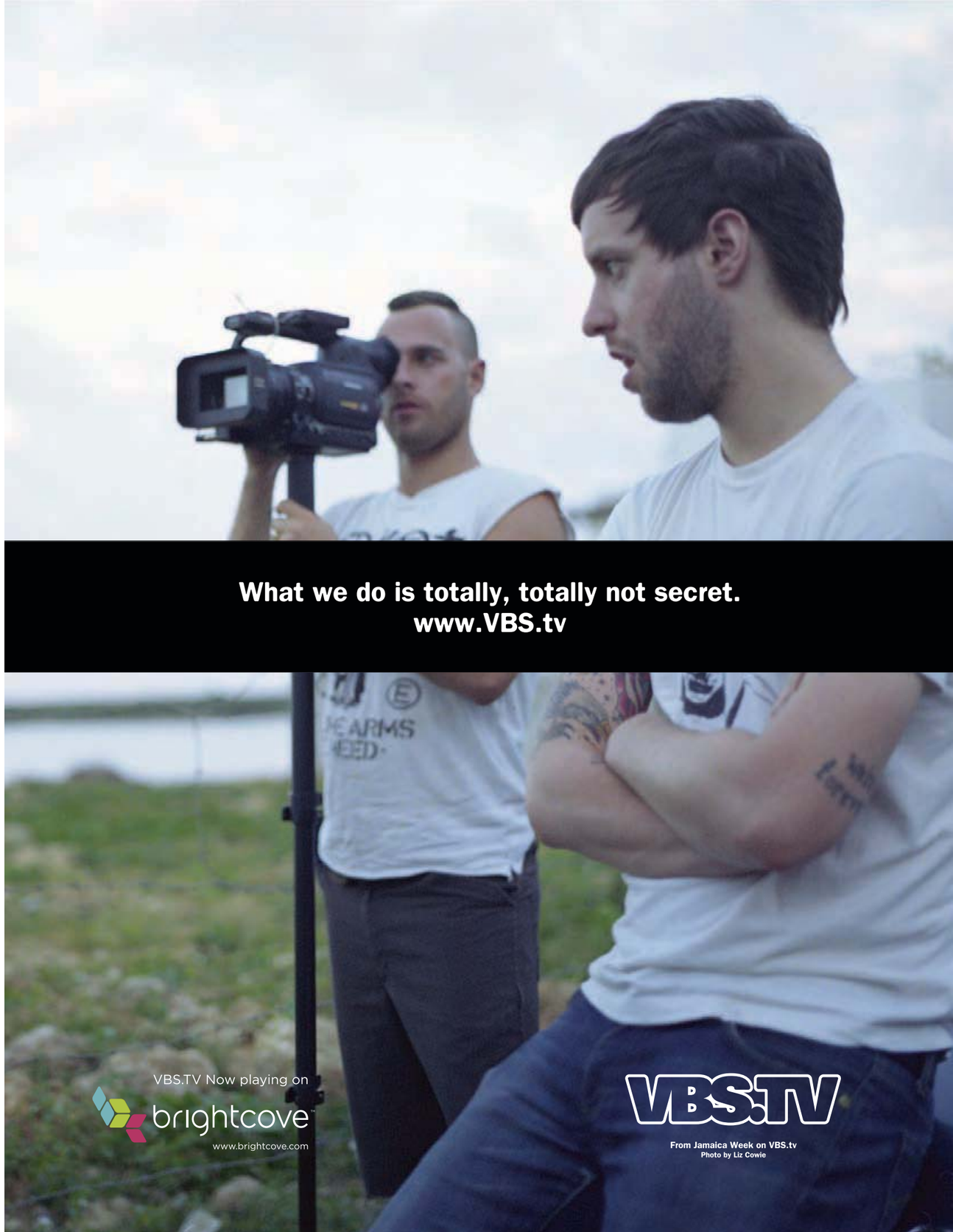
See SPIKIN'!, *page 42*

GABI SIFRE While our babysitters were all frizzy-haired tyrants who wouldn't let us stay up late enough to watch *LA Law*, Gabi's was a famous gay porn star with fluffy abs and a heart of gold who taught her how to accessorize with pizzazz. Lucky! For this issue, we asked Gabi to review some of her nanny's finest cinematic efforts. Oddly enough, she had never watched gay porn before, which is weird because most girls we know LOVE gay porn. Really! It's like a thing now.

See MY BABYSITTER WAS A GAY PORN STAR, *page 38*

HARLAN LEVINE Harlan is an intern who studies anthropology at Eugene Lang. For this issue, he jerked off into an ice-cube tray for two weeks and then ate 12 cubes of frozen seed, aka jizz pops. He was totally unfazed, like, "What?" and even ate some of the dribbles left in the ice-cube tray on his own, right after we told him he didn't have to. Asked for his thoughts, he said, "It went back to from whence it came."

See JIZZ POPS, *page 36*



VICE APOLOGIZES

Hi. We screwed something up in the Iraq Issue a couple months ago. Hala Alsalman wrote the "Talk Like an Iraqi" piece and contributed to the "Iraq From A to Z." She also wrote a profile of Saddam Hussein for us in 2002 ("Saddam Sux") and was credited incorrectly, as Hala Khan. We're sorry, Hala. It won't happen again. Please stop not talking to us.

REHAB READING

Dear *Vice*,

A little over nine months ago I checked myself into rehab after a particularly bad weeklong run which ended with a crack-induced highway car wreck outside DC (I lived in Brooklyn). I'd recently had a series of bad incidents—an unexplained torn-up ankle (which I treated with three days of blow and old crutches rather than a doctor), losing a dream job after a record two days, getting asked to leave the neighborhood by the landlord, etc. This wasn't real surprising stuff given the last ten-plus years, but at 28 it's just not that cute anymore.

Anyway, in the days before check-in and the crash, I had the presence of mind to remember your old "*Vice* Guide to Rehab." I'm a guy so rather than dressing head-to-toe in Juicy Couture sweats I dropped my last $300 at American Apparel on stuff I wouldn't be caught dead in anywhere else, but which made me feel like a king among zombies in my fancy Connecticut rehab. When I got my "rehab crush" I was able to think outside the context I was in and realize screwing a suicidal, bulimic, 40-year-old alcoholic is maybe not worth getting kicked out of a very expensive program for. More important than these incredibly useful tidbits was just reading something in a "voice" I could relate to. Pretty much everything I'd ever read or heard about addiction/recovery was just bullshit so, as someone who'd never tried to quit anything, I had no idea what I was getting myself into and was totally scared shitless. Having what I consider a normal person's experience was invaluable. I didn't (and still don't) think getting drunk and doing some bumps a few times a week means you have a problem—in New York it seems a matter of course. But some of us can't seem to do that and stay out of trouble. Rather than die or spend the rest of my life miserably wondering why it all didn't work out (while friends are moving on to adulthood while still being able to party), giving sobriety a try doesn't seem too bad. So thanks a ton for the guide, I totally recommend it to anyone who needs it.

REHABO
Via email

Glad to be of service. The hardest thing about rehab might be that you're surrounded by human shit that will never really recover and just want to have a pissing contest over who did worse stuff when they were using. And if you're trying to enter rehab after a certain age, say… 35, or if you are going into rehab for the fourth time no matter what your age, you should probably just resign yourself to dying a junkie so that the people who really have a chance of recovery can use the facilities. But we digress…

TWO BITS

Dear *Vice*,

In response to the letter from V14N4 "Ask Someone Who Cares Dept" [by the guy who didn't know how to tell a girl not to use teeth when blowing him]: APPARENTLY YOU HAD A HARD TIME ALL AROUND EXPRESSING TO WOMEN WHAT YOU WANTED, LIKE JUST BEFORE JIZZING IN THEIR FUCKING MOUTH. THAT WASN'T TEETH-TACT, THAT WAS A GAG REFLEX. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU. MERRY SUCKING YOUR OWN DICK.

ME,
Binghamton, NY

Again, one of those letters that does nothing more than puzzle us. Why did you need to send this? A response to a letter that was already an NPS (No-Point Story)? We are publishing this only as an artifact of our bewilderment. (Hey, that would make a good shitty album title… *Artifact of Bewilderment*.)

HUMANS WITH IDEAS

Hey *Vice*,

What's going on? I see people sending you stupid shit all the time, so I thought I'd send you a legitimate pitch for a video idea I've been working on. See, I'm a writer, but I don't know much about filming. Anyway, here's my idea: I've always thought that it was stupid that movie critics seem to take movies and individually critique them. It's like letting every person in the NBA shoot baskets on an empty court, and then deciding who is the "best" player. Why don't critics have to look at things in context? It's not like their job is hard. I'm a critic and a movie snob and I want to do it, but how? I've decided to watch IMDb's 100 best movies, all at once, one after the other with no interruptions. It should take a little over eight days. I will not sleep on the job—I'll eat on the job, I suppose I'll have to shit occasionally, but other than that, 100 movies straight, no bullshit. Because I'll start slowly going insane, I'm going to be bringing in 100 guests to talk about each movie with me. I've been trying to get directors, etc., to back me up on this for a while now, but it wouldn't make for a good feature. It's much too long, but I think it would be perfect for *VICE* TV. It could run for who knows how many episodes on your little TV screen. It could work. Anyway, if you like the idea, get back to me. If you steal it, I'll sue you. Or try to. Oh, and nobody else can host the thing: It's my idea, so I have to go the eight days without sleeping.

See you later.

STEVE ROBERTS
Via email

We're all set, thanks. Feel free to pitch your feature elsewhere. Maybe to *Tiresome Boring Shitstain Monthly*? They're always looking for stuff like this.

TO STOOPS OR NOT TO STOOPS?

Dear *Vice*,

I was glad to see you declare an end to all that ridiculous, super-abbreviated teenspeak that's been turning people's voices into the internet for the past year, but I was a little curious how you planned to put that genie back in the bottle? Calling a moratorium is good for a larf but ultimately means nothing without some sort of enforcement. Might I recommend taking a page from the world of "guerilla marketing" and have street teams find and extend offending 'breviations on billboards and in publications? Actually I think it would be pretty awesome if some wealthy English nerd took things a step further and had some sort of graffiti squad who went and corrected the grammar on tags and signs and things, but still acted and spoke like regular graffiti kids, just with perfect diction.

In any case, I think the slang's already too deeply ingrained in this generation for anybody to pry it loose (there was even a joke about it on the *30 Rock* last night, did you catch that?). And what's more, I bet you anything that when I flip open the next copy of *Vice*, I catch a wayward "defs" somewhere in the fine print. Good luck with that rock, Sisyphus.

BRAD MARSHALL
Upton, NY

Challenge met: If we use one of those words in print again, you have permission to come to our office and shoot us. We even have a gun here you can use. Seriously, you can shoot us. Our address is right there, just below that little line.

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ASSOLUTI
You know somebody's proud of their last name when they could give a shit if they're putting ass on their cheese.



HERITAGE BITES
The word "heritage" usually makes us think of skinheads and old white guys with a lot of stuff to say about rap music. What's that, 0.000032 percent of the population? You might as well make a cereal for Americans who know where Canada is.



UNCLE JESSE'S NUTS
Either the man behind this snack is mentally ill or he wants you to put his testicles in your mouth.



AFTER EIGHTS
Going to your parents' friends' house for dinner was always a torturous bore, but remember when they'd pull these out? It was like an adult candy and you could only have one at a time because they each had individual envelopes that made them special. This is the first time that kids learn "less is more," which comes in real handy later on during the drug phase.



JEFF FOXWORTHY BEEF JERKY
We see this jerky fucking everywhere. It's kind of like Heritage Bites but way less obvious.



SHIT BISCUITS
These sell really well in Germany for some reason.



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CHILD DROWNER
This adorable little ghost has been known to reach out from under bridges, grab children, and drown them. It's like Santa Claus but instead of encouraging kids to be good by rewarding them with presents the Japanese are teaching children to be careful around water by threatening them with drowning monsters. Nice.



MY GIRLFRIEND'S ASS CALLING CARDS
You can pretend that Hispanics miss the waterfalls of Nicaragua and the rolling mountains of Colombia but if you did that you wouldn't sell any long-distance calling cards, now would you?

FUCKER BUS
We've said this before and we'll say it again: "Lose the cargo shorts. How much shit can you possibly have to carry?"



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THIS PAGE:
- FROZEN MAN-AISE
- DOCTOR POOP
- PAKISTANIS AREN'T PACKING!



Get hooked on a summer sleeper (and also skag) on page 42.



Meet the King of Pop for three grand on page 54.



Five thousand Norwegian nerds unite on page 47.

STUFF LIKE THAT

"You put a little tube into the person's stomach through their nose. Then you inject 30cc of the liquid stool extract into the tube."

Jizz Pops

Swallowing jizz = big whup. It slides down your throat like spit. But if you could somehow make it into a solid, that would be gross because it would prolong the whole ordeal. You couldn't just gulp it down like an oyster. You would have to chew it and suck it. Really savor it. So how do you make jizz solid? Easy: You freeze it. Can jizz freeze?

Yes, jizz can. Our intern Harlan here jerked off into an ice tray for a week to make 12 cumsicles, so he knows the answer to that. Oh and Harlan flavored his jizz pops: orange, Kool-Aid, guava, chocolate, mustard, barbeque, Tabasco, maple, and so on. Two of them were *au naturel*. The whole time he was eating them (oh yeah, we made him eat them), he kept being like, "It's not a big deal," and, "Girls do it all the time." But you would say whatever you needed to say to get yourself to suck down jizz pop number 12, right?
VICE STAFF



Harlan started off with the orange. He asked if it was OK to chew and we said sure.



This is the Diet Coke one. He was totally unfazed here.



He told us the cumsicles smelled like cheese and tasted like sweat. It was grossing him out. He kept saying he was fine, but he was turning green.



He started producing these deep, cavernous belches and spitting. He swore he didn't feel pukey, but the sounds he was making were truly haunting.



All told, it took about 45 minutes. By the end, everyone was actually bored. Then he said with utmost certainty that he was not going to hork.



Forty-five minutes later—surprise—he horked.

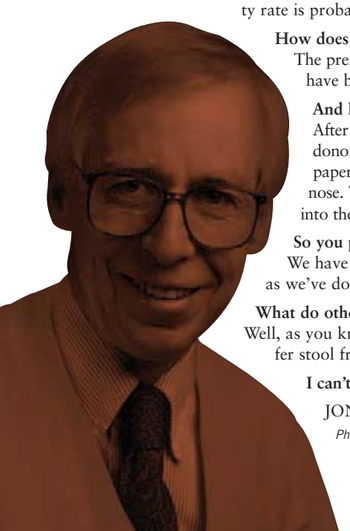
Photos by Ben Ritter

Oh for God's Sake—There's Such a Thing as a Shit Transplant?

Dr. Johannes Aas has developed a little something special. We'd like to let him tell you about it.

Vice: Dr. Aas, what disease do you treat?

Dr. Johannes Aas: Recurrent *C. difficile colitis*, which causes severe, chronic diarrhea. It can be quite serious: You can get a perforation of the intestine or dehydration from the diarrhea. The mortality rate is probably about 20 to 30 percent.



How does your treatment help them?

The premise behind the stool transplant is that some of the normal bacterial flora have been killed by antibiotics, so you replace them.

And how does this work?

After you screen the stool transplant donors, you take an extract from the donor stool. You dilute it in water, then put it in a blender, then filter it through paper coffee filters. You put a little tube into the person's stomach through their nose. Then you inject 30cc of the liquid stool extract into the tube. It goes right into the stomach and it's carried down to the colon where it does its work.

So you put my shit into you through your nose and this cures you?

We have a 92 to 95 percent cure rate with absolutely no side effects for as long as we've done this, close to ten years.

What do other doctors think of the shit transplant?

Well, as you know, the medical profession is somewhat conservative. When you transfer stool from one person to another... You can imagine.

I can't believe Dr. Aas is your real name.

JON GOLBE

Photo by Jeff Frey Photography

BRITISH PAKIS OUT! (OF THE USA)

COMPILED BY VICE UK STAFF

Following a few well-publicized captures of suspected Pakistani Taliban members living in the UK and the conviction of five British men (four of them Pakistani) for attempted terrorist attacks in London, US Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff now wants ALL British Pakistanis to apply for a visa before entering the States. UK residents of every other nationality are completely free to enter. Iraqis, North Koreans, and Iranians are all totally fine. Pakistanis, though? Fuggedaboutit.

The message the US wants to send seems clear: Stay out, Pakis, America is only for whites, blacks, millions and millions of Hispanics, and almost everyone else but you. It's kind of like if Britain did the same thing to all Irish-Americans in the 1980s because they might, maybe, possibly be coming over here to blow up Maggie Thatcher.

Vice UK recently went to a mosque in Southall, London, at chucking-out time and asked some people there what they thought of it all.



Mirza Baig

Vice: How do you feel about the States wanting all British Pakistanis to apply for a visa before traveling there but allowing Britons of other ethnic backgrounds to travel without any hassle?
Mirza: Of course we are not happy, but what can we do? Before it was good. We did not need to get a visa. But if they make the policy, what can we do?

Would you ever live in the USA?
No, I would never live there. I prefer to live in Britain.

Well, what about a vacation over there?
Yeah, I'd like to go there sometime in my life. There is beauty over there but also everywhere else in the world. Europe is also a beautiful place.

Do you like any American TV shows?
Not really. I just mainly watch CNN and Fox News. That is my favorite.

Who is your favorite American actor?
I like Nicolas Cage and… what's his name? John Travolta. I am also a fan of American musicians like Carlos Santana.

What is your final message for the USA?
This is not right. If they say we need a visa, it should be for everyone from Britain.



THIS PAGE:
- UNCLE BUTTFUCKER



"The only thing I saw was a shot of an old office chair surrounded by a ring of dildos and a sling."



Photo courtesy of the author

My Babysitter Was a Gay Porn Star—Here's His Best Flicks

When I was a kid, my babysitter was Chad Douglas. I called him Uncle Chad. He used to sing me to sleep and organize my Barbie clothes for me. When I was 14, he died of AIDS, and my mom let slip that he had once been a famous gay porn star. She'd known it when she hired him, but it was news to my dad.

It should go without saying that I saw Uncle Chad as an uncle figure. He was sweet and cool and wonderful. But ever since my mom spilled the beans, I always wondered what his movies were like. Last week, I finally went ahead and ordered them: *Below the Belt* and *Spring Break*.



From Below the Belt *© BijouVideo.com*

BELOW THE BELT (1986)

Uncle Chad plays "Greg," the sensei at Ginko Dojo. In the first scene, one of the karate students confesses that he has been dreaming of Greg, and we are taken to a stylized dream sequence in which Greg rescues the young student from an evil samurai. The student wants to thank Greg, so he morphs into a young Asian guy named Sum Youngh Man, whom my uncle Chad proceeds to ream. When he's done, my uncle leaves Sum Youngh Man to the mercy of the seven other students.

In the next scene, Uncle Chad turns to his pal Robert and says, "Hey, why don't you limber up and then we'll work it out?" Then he kicks Robert to the floor a few times, Robert licks Uncle Chad's crotch through his karate robe, and my uncle reams Robert and then falls asleep on a mat. When he wakes up, there's an orgy going on. Everyone jizzes on a practice mat. This was from 1986, when I still had to make sure Uncle Chad left the door open a crack so I wouldn't be left in the dark.



From Spring Break *© FalconStudios.com*

SPRING BREAK (1988)

Uncle Chad plays a character called, um, "UNCLE Chad," and teaches his nephew how to suck his cock. He pulls his nephew's hair, hits his nephew's face with his dick, and demands to be called "sir." This was shot in 1988, so around the time that Uncle Chad was my cool babysitter who gave me rad colored tights, he was also shooting the scene in which he cums inside his nephew, then inserts a butt plug so the cum won't dribble out.

I was sitting there in the dark after it ended—relieved, not too traumatized—when the screen lit back up and the word "WARNING!" flashed multiple times, followed by the message: "MASTER'S DELIGHT is presented in the MAIL ORDER VERSION only and is presented as a SEXUAL FANTASY." I lunged for the remote. The only thing I saw was a shot of an old office chair surrounded by a ring of dildos and a sling, but I still can't get that chair out of my head.

GABI SIFRE

BRITISH PAKIS OUT! (OF THE USA)



Iftakhar Ali

Vice: So what do you think about all this visa bullshit?
Iftakhar: I think it is ridiculous. It's victimization. They wanted us to back them when there was an Iraq war. How do they want us to react now? Are they segregating us? I'd like to know why they've done it.

Would you ever live in the USA?
Never. I used to have intentions of retiring there, but not now. I was actually in the process of settling in Florida in a nice house with a swimming pool and whatever. But not now.

So you've been there before?
Yes, on many occasions, and I never had any trouble until six months ago, when they held and interrogated me for an hour. I doubt I will go back now. About four years ago they started sending back all the American Pakistanis who didn't have jobs.

Are you a fan of any American TV? That's one thing they definitely get right.
Not now.

Who is your favorite American actor?
Well, they are all Jewish, aren't they? Why aren't they doing this against the Jews? They are the biggest problem in the world. What's happening in Palestine—What's the difference? I am a fan of David Hasselhoff and Charlton Heston, though.

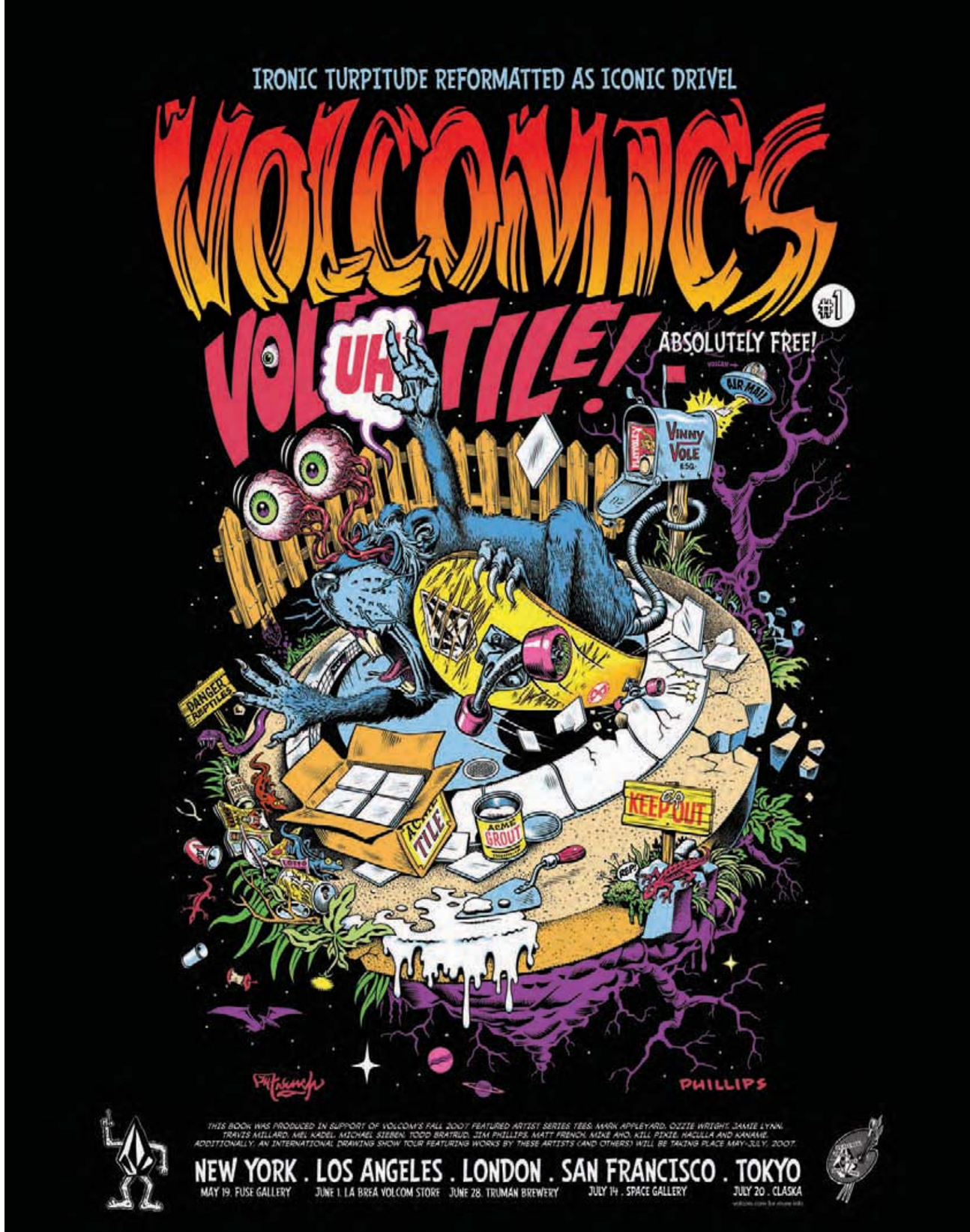
OK. What is your final message for the USA?
Wake up. You try and act like the most powerful nation, but to me this is cowardice.



Shay Khan

Vice: How do you feel about the visa controversy?
Shay: I can sympathize with the Americans. I can see where they are coming from. I feel that even as a Muslim British citizen, I am absolutely annoyed at the fact that British-born Pakistanis go and blow up our fellow countrymen here. Taking that as an example, America cannot be seen to be acting unreasonably. The spread of fundamentalism is in Pakistani Muslims. It is not in any other Muslims. So I think America is going a bit over the top, but I can understand.

OK, but what if you wanted to go to USA?
I have no ambitions of going there at all. I don't care whether they let me in or not.



THIS PAGE:
- BANANA NO-NO
- MAKING LEMON-AIDS



"You've been eating the tasty yellow funeral ash of Colombian workers."

Blood For Bananas

Chiquita Brands International (they sell you the delicious 'nanas you slice up on your cereal) slipped on one of their own peels (har-dee-har-har) when their Colombian subsidiary Banadex was exposed for paying a known Colombian terrorist organization $1.7 million between 1997 and 2004. Banadex recently confessed to making more than 100 payments to the United Self-Defense Forces of Colombia (AUC), which is responsible for the deaths of almost 4,000 people in the Uraba region. An American official said, "Chiquita began paying the AUC following a meeting in 1997 between their then leader, Carlos Castaño, and a senior executive of Banadex. Castaño implied that failure to make the payments could result in physical harm to Banadex personnel and property." But that is bananas!

According to the Department of Justice's official release,



Illustration by Jim Krewson

Chiquita's senior executives knew that the corporation was paying the AUC and that the AUC was a violent paramilitary organization. And Chiquita's payments to the AUC were reviewed and approved by senior executives of the corporation, including high-ranking officers, directors, and employees. The AUC even used Chiquita facilities to unload 3,000 AK-47s in November 2001, according to the Organization of American States. Your bananas succumbed to a protection racket, basically. You've been eating the tasty yellow funeral ash of Colombian workers. You peeled to the left, you peeled to the right, you peeled down the middle, and UGH! A young Colombian drowned from a bleeding lung.

Under a plea-bargain agreement, Chiquita agreed to a fine of $25 million over the next five years, but Colombia's chief prosecutor, Mario Iguaran, is pushing for stiffer penalties including the extradition of the directors involved.

Daniel Kovalik, a lawyer representing the families of three trade unionists killed by paramilitaries while working for Alabama-based mining company Drummond, said Chiquita is getting off easy. "No jail time for anyone, a $25 million fine, and they are not even releasing the names of the people that made the payments. That is pretty light," he said.

Light like the color of a 'nana.
RAINBOW BLUE

Gimme the Cure! (For AIDS!)

This just in: Henry J. Heimlich, inventor of the maneuver, has found a cure for AIDS. It's called "malariotherapy." All you have to do is infect people who are HIV positive with malaria. God, it was right under our noses the whole time! The Western mainstream medical community does not endorse the therapy and even revoked Heimlich's license, forcing him to limit his treatment to AIDS patients in Africa and Asia. But they can't even cure the common cold, so fuck them. We followed Heimlich over to his new digs and checked out the rest of the world too, and lo and behold, there are TONS of cures for La SIDA! What are we waiting for, international medical guys?!?
VICE STAFF



Dr. Croft's AIDS-killing Terminator, which runs on pennies.

ETHIOPIAN HOLY WATER: The Ethiopian Orthodox Church has a stream at the Church of St. Mary that cures AIDS. Thousands, some locked in chains, have been compelled to quit taking medication before being baptized.

HIVEX RADIATION MACHINE: An electromagnetic therapy device made in Russia and tested in South Africa, Hivex radioactively attacks the HIV virus. It also causes severe damage to DNA structure but oh well.

AL-721: The British government developed this gem in the 80s and then walked away, but you can mix it up yourself with a little acetone, ethanol, and raw egg yolk. Just stir you up some and drink it down. You're cured.

YAHYA JAMMEH: Using the healing properties of seven herbs and the Koran, Gambian despot Yahya Jammeh cures AIDS and asthma. (Take note before booking your flight though: His healing powers only work on Thursdays.)

GOAT SERUM: Dr. Gary Davis got the idea for his treatment (infecting goats with AIDS and then infecting AIDS patients with goat) in a dream. (We once dreamed we could predict the weather by throwing babies into the sea. Makes sense.)

THE TERMINATOR: Using electricity, amethyst, garnet, crystal beads, and a Möbius coil, Don Croft's electronic device disables infected cells by converting deadly "orgones" into positive, life-giving "orgone energy."

IMOD: This Iranian herbal treatment for HIV uses cutting-edge nanotechnology, and government sources say it has proven effective on over 200 test patients. It doubles immune-system strength, so you can even defeat super-AIDS!

BRITISH PAKIS OUT! (OF THE USA)

If there were any need for me to go there, it would be for business reasons. I've been to Canada. Canadians have no problem with me.

Are you a fan of American popular culture?
No. British culture is far superior as far as I'm concerned.

Surely there are some Hollywood actors you like.
Marlon Brando was my favorite, but the scriptwriters are always telling us how great America is. George Bernard Shaw very clearly described what I feel when he said, "Americans are a people who have gone from barbarism to decadence without going through the processes of civilization." We have been through the processes of civilization. They *think* they're great, but we *are* great. That's the difference.

Imran Ali

Vice: So… visas, British Pakistanis, America. Whaddaya think?
Imran: I really feel very bad. I just feel that I am alone in the world. I mean, if someone has done something wrong and he is Pakistani, that does not mean that all Pakistani people are bad. Good and bad people are in all nations all over the world. There are so many countries where the Muslims are suffering, but they never present that picture. Obviously, this will increase the hatred in the hearts of Pakistanis toward America.

Do you plan to make a trip to the US anytime soon?
I will never travel to America because I would feel very insecure. I would like to go to Canada, but I will never want to go to America.

Do you listen to any American music?
I like Michael Jackson and Madonna.

What's your favorite American TV show?
I am very busy, so I never get a chance to watch any particular channel. I just like the movies, like *Cliffhanger* and *Rambo* and all these kind of action movies. My favorite actors are Sylvester Stallone, Van Damme, and Arnold.

Do you have a message you'd like to send to the people of America?
Keep in your mind that all people are human beings. You should impose policies that appreciate people and that make people live happily. You should not impose any policy that could create hatred.

SUPRA Chad Muska's Skytop WWW.ONEDIST.COM



SPIKIN'!

Sideways, *But With Smack*

I'm never going to try heroin. I hate needles. I hate feeling sleepy and smug at the same time. And finally, I've never seen it depicted well in movies.

Heroin addicts always end up unwittingly killing a friend or having a gangrenous limb hacked off or being raped in prison while simultaneously jonesing or dying or becoming shitty poets.

According to the movies, other drugs are much better. Pot smokers are giggly and fun. No one takes ecstasy unless by accident, and usually right before a big holiday family dinner. Cocaine usually leads to jail, but it leads to *cool* jail. The journey to cocaine incarceration involves trim, tense torsos, car chases, wild sex, and then an attractive, brooding stance of regret as you look back on it all and smile ruefully.

And drunks! Where do I start? There's a bar somewhere with Arthur Bach, Hawkeye and Trapper John, Foster Brooks, and Otis the Town Drunk all singing "Working for the Weekend" while Nick and Nora Charles make out in a booth.

But heroin is dimly lit hotel rooms, haggard girlfriends, and an atonal soundtrack.

Heroin addicts always end up unwittingly killing a friend or having a gangrenous limb hacked off or being raped in prison while simultaneously jonesing or dying or becoming shitty poets.

Before getting hooked, or even shooting it once, I'd need to see it depicted in a movie like *Sideways*, where two lovable, cuddly heroin addicts—middle-aged in that sitcomy kinda sheepish smile way that middle age is depicted in movies—do a jaunty tour of Alphabet City, sampling a weekend's worth of dope before one of them gets married.

"Oh, this is hitting me just right. I feel—there's some strychnine, but underneath there's a loamy bass note of autumnal Afghanistan poppy fields, and… and… *there* it is!… a flutter of tangy stomach acid from where they cut the baggie out of the mule's belly after they chloroformed her in a Super 8 Motel in Hoboken."

Then our two heroes get mistaken for extras in a zombie movie shooting nearby and end up at the director's penthouse, where one of them steals a reel of dailies and sells it for another fix. Soon they're being chased through the city by a born-again Christian P.A. from the movie. And to add to the hassle, they pick up a teenage runaway whom one of the dudes lusts after, while the other one is gently reminded of his daughter who no longer speaks to him because he offered to blow her prom date to get $75 for a skin popper.

But that's just the beginning of the shenanigans! Twenty-nine wrecked cop cars, a musical dream sequence set to Billy Squier's "In the Dark," a return-from-the-dead OD jump-up-and-gasp scene, and one love-crazed moose later, our two heroes have got to somehow buy back the reel of dailies, jury-rig a wedding between the runaway and the Christian P.A., and win a Transcendental Meditation contest.

It's called *Spikin'*. I've already sold it to New Line, so hands off.

PATTON OSWALT

Photo by Jake Michaels

"Here's your chance to have all the benefits of a tortured adolesence without the shitty childhood. Congratulations!"
-Sarah Silverman

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DOs & DON'Ts 2 and THE VICE PHOTO BOOK

VICE



First row (L-R): Ichi Jaehun rallies fellow protesters using custom-made signs; a protester disperses the crowd with a chain-gun; handbills for Le Pen's election campaign. Second Row: Front National's Second Life *headquarters before the protests; chaos erupts outside the FN headquarters at the height of the demonstration; the "pig bomb" shortly before exploding.*

THIS MEANS (SORT OF) WAR!

Rayguns and Pig Bombs: The Future of Protest?

Front National was founded in France in 1972, with a far-right platform that included stipends for stay-at-home moms, restrictions on abortions, and a candid opposition to immigration by African and Middle Eastern Muslims. In recent presidential elections, FN president Jean-Marie Le Pen received 17 percent of the popular vote, and in December 2007, FN expanded into the virtual world with the construction of a headquarters on *Second Life*'s Porcupine Island.

Anti-FN demonstrations started up outside the headquarters soon after. Within a month, a number of groups calling themselves "FN Opposition" daily sent protestors to places where FN was active, especially on Porcupine Island. Sometimes the demonstrators were repelled. At other times they succeeded in tearing down the racist group's signs. The stakes were high in this showdown. According to the *Atlantic*, a recent study by Sony revealed that last year $1.87 million was spent by real people on virtual goods and services. *SL* accounts for a hefty chunk of this, and within its economic sphere, Porcupine Island is a prime piece of real estate.

Who exactly fired the first shot is hard to say. A representative of a four-man operation calling itself "The Horrors of Second Life" claimed its group was the first to bring weapons to the protests at Porcupine Island. Ghazghkull Kulkulcan, a short, squat, hairy man wearing only a diaper, wrote in his journal that the protest had been peaceful when he arrived. He referred to it as "boring," before being stirred to action: "I began handing out mini guns and rocket launchers to the crowd of protesters, and was completely unsurprised when they turned them on Le Pen headquarters." Barriers around the facility blocked the gunfire, but as Kulkulcan observed, "This simply bunched all the bullets at the land's border, causing anyone who went near it to be blown into space."

"Neighboring buildings and grids were getting caught in the crossfire, unexploded bombs littered the landscape, appeals for calm went unheeded," Kulkulcan continued. "It was awesome!"

Thanks in part to a steady supply of arms, by January 14 the major FN sites had become full-blown battlegrounds between ideologically opposed armies. Hamlet Au, an embedded journalist for *Second Life*'s *New World Notes*, wrote:

"The Front National headquarters was ringed on all sides by protesters with signs to wave and statements to distribute. Many residents had armed themselves. Multi-colored explosions and constant gunfire shredded the air over Porcupine."

In Au's first *New World Notes* dispatch he writes:

I manage to wade up to TonTonCarton Yue, who is strafing the FN building with a chain-gun usually associated with an AC-130 gunship…

"Can I ask," I begin, "why are you shooting?"

"Because I hate Front National," Yue tells me simply.

"If you use violence, doesn't that reduce you to their level?"

"I don't know," Yue answers, after a while. "I don't care."

A tank—allegedly designed by the Horrors—rumbled across the island. Cages materialized to imprison combatants. A flying saucer appeared overhead, lugging a bright pink pig stuffed with a bomb. The saucer lobbed the pig onto the FN building and it exploded in a messy cloud of gore. All of the confusion and activity tore at the very fabric of *Second Life*'s reality, causing everything to move in a lag, a dreamscape of violence. The Horrors claimed responsibility.

Meanwhile, the noise and color of combat had begun to attract spectators, and they hurled random slurs at combatants from both sides.

FN was overwhelmed. "Vastly outnumbered and under-equipped, the [supporters] of Le Pen decided to bring in the cavalry," Kulkulcan reported. "Or to put it another way, they called the police."

But *Second Life* has no official police force. According to Kulkulcan, the uniformed officers that rolled up in black and white squad cars were actually FN goons in disguise. But not everyone knew that, and the "police" presence helped quell the violence. By then, however, the main FN building had been reduced to rubble.

In the wake of the fighting, FN abandoned its Porcupine Island headquarters and, on January 16, quietly put down roots on Axel Island. By this point the anti-FN demonstrators had divided into two main groups—Second Life Left Unity and Anti-FN—and subsequent protests of FN activities remained relatively peaceful. A few racist residents staged stunts in the days following FN's defeat. One FN supporter turned up at the *Second Life* mosque wearing a Le Pen t-shirt and was "disappeared" from the islands.

On January 16—Martin Luther King Day for Americans—a glowing image of the slain civil rights leader rose high in the sky over the former battlefield. Ichi Jaehun, a masked, raven-haired girl who had braved the gunfire in January, busied herself designing placards and signs for Anti-FN. And all across *Second Life*'s lush, busy islands, there was a calm—the kind that precedes any storm.

DAVID AXE



GOOD BEER,
NO SHIT.
– Ralph Steadman, Gonzo Artist

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NERDSTOCK

The Gathering Is Geek Utopia

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY ALEX STURROCK

We know that the Gathering sounds like some ominous, secret meeting of the Masons at a Scientology retreat in a secret bunker under Area 51, but it's really just 5,500 teenage nerds in a massive, chilly, smelly auditorium in Hamar, Norway. These kids come from all over Europe and even Japan to spend four days playing *World of Warcraft, Counter-Strike*, and *Quake* until they pass out in a pool of their own face-grease from exhaustion. And you know what? We're talking about the future tech millionaires of the world here, so you'd better stop laughing.

Vice went to the Gathering this year, and we were surprised to find that the fringe benefit of being on a local area network with thousands of the continent's biggest hackers, gamers, lamers, and coders is that it's really easy and superfast to "file share," aka "get free shit." The copyright laws in Norway are more or less nonexistent, so over the course of four days of the Gathering, kids can legally share 4.5 petabytes of data. That amounts to—get ready for this now—850,000 DVDs full of games, movies, TV shows, music, and porn. It's an American copyright lawyer's worst nightmare. As a kid who called himself H3LLZ0R (everyone goes by their screen name at the Gathering) told us, "All downloads of this stuff should be free. If I had to pay for all the things I download, I wouldn't have very much money to use on other things." Hmm, that kind of makes sense.

The kids of the Gathering stay awake for two-day or longer chunks by chugging energy drinks and eating gross microwavable pizza and roasted peanuts. A dashing young lad with the screen name WEXP might have had the record for sleeplessness out of all the kids we met. He proudly reported, "I think I've gone a bit more than 50 hours without sleep so far." That's real nice, parents of Norway. That kind of sleep deprivation makes you so nuts your kids may as well have mainlined liquid acid.

If you try to talk to the nerds, it's like they're speaking another language. We went up to a kid called Pripanza and said, "So, you like *World of Warcraft*, huh?" He didn't even look up from his screen as he said, "Yeah, I play on the realm Silvermoon. I took a break from *WoW* for a while before the Burning Crusade expansion pack came, so I'm not in any special guild at the moment. I'd rather wait till I'm at level 70, so I can apply to a serious and good guild."

It isn't all just gaming either. During our time at the Gathering we saw young boys jerking off under blankets and couples fucking in the darkness while *Quake* obsessives stayed awake, fighting their battles into the night, pale faces bathed in the sickly glow of their PC screens. It was fucking awesome!







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The crowd stared up at the booth for hours hoping to catch a glimpse of MJ. When he came to the window to wave for a nanosecond, the screams were deafening.



I got about two seconds of video footage of me and him before they turned my camera off.



This is from when he walked through the crowd. I like his little tongue sticking out here.



There were shitty dance performances of "Thriller" while we waited.



This is Carlo, the first of many Michael Jackson impersonators who hit on me.



The faceless swarms of terrifying paparazzi.

IT HAPPENED: I MET MICHAEL JACKSON

In March, Michael Jackson held an exclusive "fan appreciation day" in Tokyo where 300 lucky people got to line up and be led one by one into a teeny room where they would have the chance to spend 30 seconds of face time with "The Gloved One"—all for the low, low price of $3,500. Hi, that's $117 per second.

Artist Meredith Danluck was one of these fortunate few. She made an art video about her experience and will be exhibiting it at Renwick Gallery in New York through the end of June. She's still slightly traumatized.

MEREDITH DANLUCK:

As soon as I heard about it, I knew I had to go. I reserved a ticket right away—I think mine was number 296 out of 300 so I just made it.

I got to Japan and I was totally jetlagged, so everything already had this surreal feeling to it. I headed over to Studio Coast, the venue where the event was happening. There were all these paparazzi outside and everyone was gathered around a Michael Jackson impersonator, watching him do the Moonwalk. Everyone was holding gifts and flowers and things for him to sign. I was empty-handed.

Most of the people there were Japanese, but somehow I ended up in line with a bunch of English-speaking folks. I met a really cool girl who worked for the Moroccan embassy who ended up becoming my line-buddy. Standing in front of us was a normal-seeming Scottish couple who told me, "Some people spend $10,000 for a safari—this is our safari." I also met Carlo, a computer technician/Michael Jackson impersonator from Colorado who hit on me. He was like, "What are you doing later? Wanna go by Michael's hotel and hang around outside?" And I met the head of the Australian Michael Jackson fan club, who brought a massive, four-inch-thick binder of fan letters she had collected from fans in Australia to give to Michael Jackson. I wonder if he'll read any of them. I feel like he might. I mean, what else does he have to do?

Before we were let in, a parade of about 50 children in wheelchairs were hoisted up the stairs into the venue. People around me were actually getting pissed off, like, "Why do *they* get to go in first? They probably didn't even have to pay!"

So finally we get let inside, and it's really lame! There is a buffet of crap food, like deli sandwiches and shit. I mean, for three grand you'd think there'd be some decent food. I ate, like, a cracker. I was starving and I think that contributed to my mental breakdown later.

There was nothing to do for two hours. Everyone was just milling around, waiting for something to happen. Finally Michael showed up and made his way through the crowd with about five bodyguards forming a shield around him. People FLIPPED out: crying, screaming, taking pictures like crazy. Suddenly Michael stopped walking and crouched down into, like, a crash position and covered his head because I guess the camera flashes were too much for him. The bodyguards started yelling, "No flashes! No flashes!"

He went upstairs into this VIP box and everyone just stood there staring up. Once in a while he would come to the window and wave and people would freak out. Then I got hit on by another Michael Jackson impersonator! He was like a hip-hop dude whose name was "E. Casanova." I kept wondering what it was about me that was so attractive to Michael Jackson impersonators!

Finally they started calling numbers to meet the man. You weren't allowed to bring a video camera, but I had a digital camera that actually shoots pretty high-quality video. I thought, "Well, I have no idea what's going to happen when I walk through that door, so I'm just gonna start filming now and go for as long as I can." I held my camera to my chest in a vise grip. The door opened. It was so intimidating. There were like 15 bodyguards and handlers inside. A woman shuffled me into the tiny, brightly lit room and immediately stripped me of my coat, my purse and my camera—like, she really wrestled the camera away from me. I tried to explain that I just wanted to take pictures of him myself (but secretly film him), but they didn't understand. They were like, "Oh no, together, together!" and literally shoved me over to where he was waiting. He was just standing in the corner like a little lost dog confined in a cage at the pound. When they pushed me I tripped over the white tarp paper and tore it a little. You can see it in the picture.

I stumbled and kind of fell into Michael Jackson. The bodyguards gasped but Michael just caught me and was like, "Oh hi, are you OK?" We shook hands and hugged and he felt very frail and skeletal. I'm a size zero and I felt fat next to him. And I'll tell you, being so close to that face, that nose, that skin… I was mesmerized. He said, "I really like your shirt," and he touched my t-shirt. That felt strange. Then he said that he liked my vampire teeth necklace and asked me if he could have it! I thought I had misheard him, so I just mumbled something like, "Oh! You know, actually, it's really sentimental. Sorry!" Right then the guy holding my camera said "OK, 1, 2, 3," and took a picture of us—just one picture—and then they shuffled me out and that was it.

It was the fastest 30 seconds of my life. I felt like a piece of trash being blown in the wind. One of the rules was that we were allowed to ask Michael one question—like he was some kind of oracle. "Michael Jackson, who will I marry?" In all the chaos of it though, I didn't even think to ask him anything. I barely even spoke to him. I barely even treated him like a human being, because everyone else in the room made him seem like such an object.

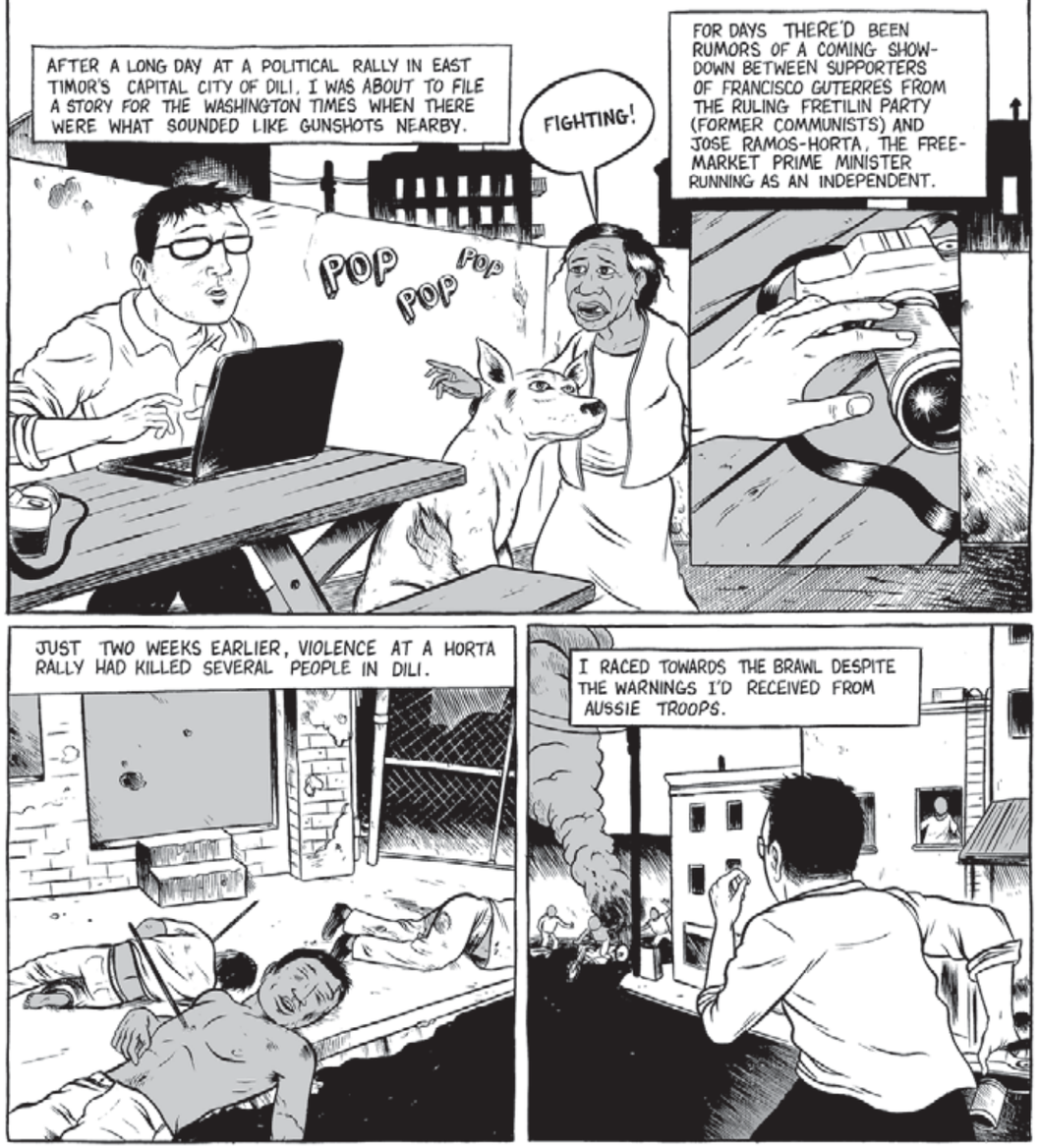
I left immediately afterward. There were going to be performances of dancers doing "Thriller" following the meetings, but I had to get out of there. I felt crazy. Since I was the first person to leave, when I got outside the paparazzi swarmed me, shouting, "Did you meet Michael Jackson? Did you shake his hand?" They trailed me for an entire block and I got so freaked out, I jumped in a cab and spent $70 getting back to the hotel. We had gotten gift bags containing a bottle of champagne and an autographed photo of Michael, and the next day the cleaning lady in my hotel either threw mine away or stole it.

Still, I definitely feel like I got my money's worth. He was actually really nice. I feel bad for him. I feel bad that there's this human life who has such a foreign, caged experience of the world.

EAST TIMOR IS A RIOT

EIGHT YEARS AGO, EAST TIMOR BROKE AWAY FROM INDONESIA AFTER A BRUTAL 20-YEAR OCCUPATION ... AND, BEFORE THAT, CENTURIES OF PORTUGUESE COLONIAL RULE. THE UNITED NATIONS AND AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND TROOPS ARRIVED AND THINGS WENT FAIRLY WELL FOR THE COUNTRY'S ONE MILLION PEOPLE UNTIL THE FOREIGNERS LEFT IN 2005 AND HALF THE TIMORESE ARMY REBELLED OVER PAY AND POLITICS, SPARKING RIOTS AND GUN BATTLES THAT KILLED SCORES OF PEOPLE. THE U.N. AND AUSSIES RETURNED LAST YEAR, BUT TENSIONS WERE STILL HIGH ON THE EVE OF THE APRIL 9 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Written by DAVID AXE
Art by MATT BORS







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Where smack grows on trees... Poppy field photo by Paul Kooi, dope bag scans courtesy of Pedro Mateu-Gelabert and Liza Vadnai

HEROIN'S HOMETOWN

Peering Down the Brown Rabbit Hole

Our friend Christoph, a reporter in Afghanistan, tells us what it's like at the source of those little baggies full of brown death that we used to buy from a hole in a brick wall in a building that now houses a Japanese-French fusion bistro...

The story was that villagers had informed the local drug-eradication unit of a heroin lab in the village of Adam Khor in Badakshan, northeastern Afghanistan. An extremely mountainous area where fertile land is scarce, Badakshan is a place where poppy is cultivated in every valley. It is then harvested and the raw opium, or *teryak*, is smuggled across the borders with homemade mini-planes, or simply by bribing policemen.

A raid was staged based on the villagers' information, and several people died when it was carried off. Western officials claimed it was a success. They said that the fact that villagers had informed them of the area's heroin lab showed that the local resentment over heroin production was growing. But some of us began to wonder... Nearly everyone grows poppy in Badakshan. Why would the villagers want a heroin lab destroyed? A bit of asking around yielded the truth: The warlord who had installed the lab only allowed farmers from his villages to use it. Farmers from the neighboring villages pleaded for access, were repeatedly denied, and finally grew so angry that they burned down the lab and informed the authorities of its existence. Now that the playing field is level, no one smuggles heroin across the border. They all smuggle raw opium instead.

I have spent several months in Afghanistan over the last few years, talking to poppy farmers, dealers, policemen, Taliban, and foreign diplomats, and they have all told me that the current opium-eradication program is a joke. Opium is Afghanistan's big business. Last year's crop of 6,100 tons, enough to produce 610 tons of heroin, was the largest ever in Afghani history. It provided 90 percent of the world's supply. While US officials claim that opium funds the Taliban, the reality is far more complicated. Opium profits are shared among government officials, affiliated warlords and, yes, the Taliban. Most poppy farmers I talked to paid bribes to the local police to escape the regular eradication campaigns. This is the case not only in Badakshan in the north, but as well in Kunar in the east and Helmand down south. Sometimes, however, police begin to ask for more than farmers can afford. A farmer in the Balagh district close to Mazar-i-Sharif told me, "Local officials get about 2,000 afghanis [$40] per *jerib* [approximately half a square meter] of land as a bribe. Those who can't pay have their crops destroyed. We are gathering the harvest as fast as we can so that they don't hold us up for money again."

"The richer farmers can pay bribes to avoid eradication, while the poorer ones can't," said Abdul Manan, head of the government's counter-narcotics department in Helmand.

The poppy farmers who can't afford to bribe the police often call on the Taliban for protection. These farmers fight side-by-side with the Taliban against the police and the Afghan National Army (ANA). A farmer in Helmand said to me of the collaboration, "I am happy about it—if everyone is busy fighting, I can grow my poppy in peace."

And a Taliban spokesman in the Nadali district said, "This is a good opportunity for us to win local support. We can continue our jihad, and local people can keep their lands. Our Taliban are ready to go anywhere in Helmand to help people fight the eradication campaign."

Though the Taliban help protect the fields by fighting against the police, they also do so by eliciting their tacit cooperation. In the mountain town of Cinar on the Kandahar-Helmand border, 20 yards away from the mud-brick compound housing the district police heardquarters, a large field of poppies flourishes. Captain Said Farad, an Afghani army commander based just outside the town, said that the district chief in the region has no choice but to cooperate with the Taliban: The last three chiefs sent there by the governor were killed.

"The police definitely have a hand in the poppies. Those two vehicles near the compound help with the drug smuggling and run supplies for the Taliban," Farad says. "Nobody will kill the current chief because he had a deal with the Taliban."

Since the Taliban were ousted in 2001, the old mujahideen warlords and drug lords have taken positions in Afghanistan's new democracy, and poppy cultivation and drug production have skyrocketed. None of this is a secret. According to a recent report by the UN Office on Drugs and Crime, "This emerging underworld is connected through payment and patronage to senior political figures who provide the required protection."

Qayoum Babak, a political analyst in Balkh Province, says, "Many of the ministries involved in poppy-eradication plans are the main cultivators of the crop. These officials will never get rid of poppy, since they are the main beneficiaries. They are just trying to defraud the world community." The drug trade has corrupted virtually every level of Afghan society, notably law enforcement and the judicial system.

The poppy farmers who can't afford to bribe the police often call on the Taliban for protection. These farmers fight side-by-side with the Taliban against the police and the Afghan National Army.

And the corruption reaches the highest echelons of the Afghan government. Last year, the DEA compiled a list of the 14 most important drug smugglers in Afghanistan. In cooperation with US authorities in Kabul, president Hamid Karzai managed to have two names removed from the DEA list: Mohammed Daud, the assistant interior minister personally in charge of drug eradication, and Wali Karzai, the brother of the president himself.

Chris Alexander, deputy special representative of the UN Secretary General, even joked about it during a press conference in Kabul last November. Speaking of the Afghani narco-trade, he quipped, "It is important to realize that not everyone [in the government] is involved." When the laughter died down, he added, "But it is an absolute imperative to remove those who are."

At present, the reverse seems to be happening. On the top floor of a Soviet-built apartment building at the edge of Kabul lives General Aminullah Anarkhil. He used to be in charge of security and customs at Kabul International Airport. We sat on pillows on the floor of his living room, surrounded by pictures of arrested drug mules and their contraband, hidden in body packs, capsules, and elsewhere. Anarkhil helped create a secure international airport from little more than an airstrip adjoined by some wooden shacks and damaged buildings. Undaunted by the paltry facilities, he began to intercept and arrest drug couriers. But the smugglers mysteriously kept being released once they were out of Anarkhil's direct custody. After a month of these arrests, people from Attorney General Abdul Jabbar Sabit's office showed up to investigate unspecified corruption charges. Then Anarkhil was fired. He is convinced it was because he was interfering with the drug-trafficking business. "I received many death threats, telling me that I should stop, I would be killed, and so on," he says.

Anarkhil fears for the safety of his family. The government took away his bodyguards when he was fired. "It is a very powerful and dangerous mafia," he says. "They are very well connected in the government." Since Anarkhil was fired, no drug couriers have been arrested at the Kabul airport.

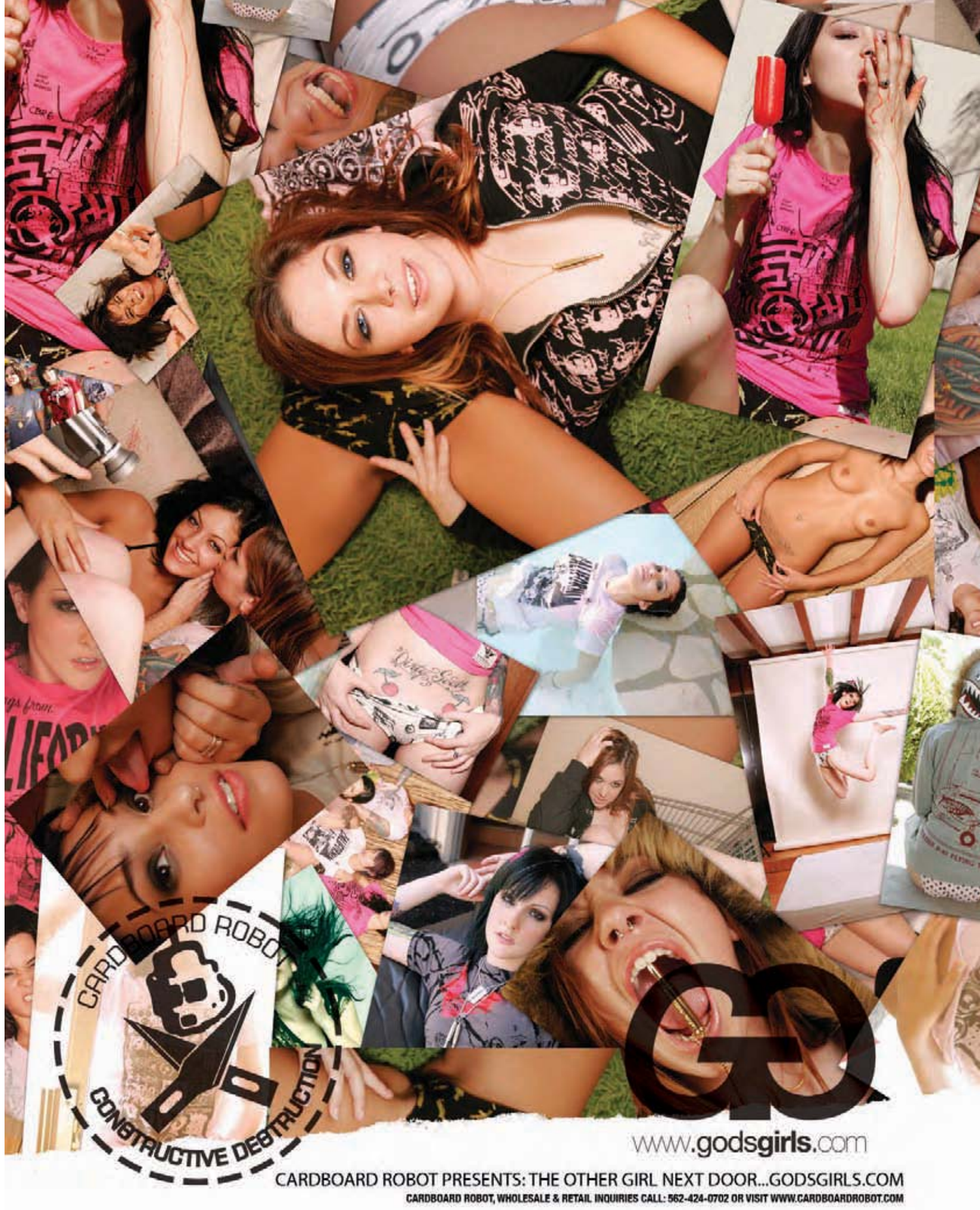
All that said though, things may finally be looking up for the current antipoppy campaign. It's starting to gain some powerful supporters, namely, the big drug traders. It's the same situation as it was with the Taliban's 2000 opium ban. Last season there was overproduction of 30 percent. "I'll be very happy if the eradicators are successful," said one trafficker in Lashkar Gah, the capital of Helmand Province, early this spring. "I have lots of poppy stored. If they don't destroy poppy, I'm afraid the price will come down." Which has actually started to happen already. In Balagh, the price for one kilo of teryak has suddenly plunged from $100 to $30. Most local farmers have given up on planting poppies for this season: "We live in a flat, accessible area and cannot hide our fields. There are no Taliban around here. The policemen would still demand the same bribes as last year, therefore we have ceased cultivation this year."

Officials from the office of the governor in Mazar-i-Sharif laud this decline in poppy cultivation as a great success in their antipoppy campaign. In reality, it is no more than a market correction.

As the poppy farmer in Balagh said: "I still have half a dozen oil-barrels full at home and so do all my neighbors. If we would sell now, we would lose—so we win by waiting for better prices!"

CHRISTOPH REUTER

Christoph is a reporter for Germany's Stern *magazine and the author of* My Body Is a Weapon.





This lady is possessed. All film stills from Asger Leth's upcoming documentary, Ghost of Cite Soleil.

ZOMBIE TOWN

In the Slums of Haiti, Everyone Dies

Haiti is the poorest country of the West Indies, and the slums of Port-au-Prince are some of the worst in the world. A couple of years ago, a Serbian photographer named Milos, a French human rights worker named Lele, and a filmmaker named Asger Leth spent about six months there filming a documentary, and they got in really deep with one wing of then-president Aristede's private army, the Chimeres. We recently asked Asger a few questions.

Vice: So, what're the Chimeres?
Asger Leth: They're a private army that took their orders straight from Aristede and his closest advisers. They were supposed to be a replacement for the typical strong-arm army you find in most dictatorships, but they were in many ways scarier than the Tonton Macoute [Papa Doc's army], because at least the Tonton wore some kind of uniform. They all wore dark sunglasses.

Jesus. Sunglasses? Why does that scare us so much? Anyway, Aristede's army didn't wear any identification, right? They could have been anyone. So can you tell us about the people in these shots?
The focus of our work there was on a gang led by these two brothers, Tupac and Billy. They were defending President Aristede, his last bastion against the Cannibal Army, a group of rebels in the mountains who wanted to overthrow him.

The people in these pictures, their lives were at stake, and they were fighting for a president who they suspected would leave them behind. And he did.

How did they feel about you?
They were actually really happy about having us there. You see, before, people would write about them, but no one had actually gotten into it with them before. It's like, just



imagine the situation—you're in your late teens and you kind of know you're going to die soon. They just wanted to have their story told. And now they are all dead.

What happened?
Well they did actually manage to negotiate peace with the rebels. Everyone put their guns down. But then came one of the hardest things I had to watch: how these brothers reacted to peace.

Well?
They instantly turned on each other, and they almost killed each other. I don't know why.

Can you guess?
It's probably to do with living in this awful slum. There's so much private tension, and everyone keeps a lid on it because the situation around them demands it. But as soon as the external pressure around them eases, their personal problems just come shooting out all over the place. Literally.

What is that white powder on some of the women's faces?
The powder is flour I think, but I'm not sure. It is used for a special voodoo—or *voudun*, if you want to spell it right—ceremony celebrating the spirit of Gede. It's quite a wild thing. The women become possessed.

What's that one shot with the baby dangling with its umbilical cord still on?
That's a birth. That's how they do it. See how Tupac's belly button is really big? It's from that—an infection of the umbilical cord at birth. That's really common.

What was going on between that woman and Tupac?
You mean Lele, the white girl? She was working for a humanitarian organization. The two brothers both had a crush on her. Tupac and her eventually became a couple for a short time.

It's kind of weird saying this, but in the pictures, it looks like she's kind of swept up in the world there. Is that corny? Do you feel like that happened to you guys?
Maybe. I don't know. At one point Milos decided to stop filming and instead started carrying a gun alongside the people we met. It took a lot of persuasion to make him understand that he would just be doing them a disservice. I think that the biggest thing we could do for the Haitian slums was to tell its story, and we were able to do that.

Why did the two brothers die if the fighting was over?
They survived the revolution, and the truce with the rebels lasted. But then... I guess you could say promises were broken, and they died under the hands of the new powers that be.

Tupac and Billy were fundamentally different in one major way: One of them believed in the president and wanted to stay and fight, and the other one just wanted to get out of there and be a rapper. Did you know that Wyclef Jean is the only Haitian to have ever made it out and become famous? He was this kid Tupac's hero, and Tupac felt that if he could just get Wyclef to hear his music, he'd be able get out of the ghetto. And I keep thinking about how he almost made it. He was going to make it. But then he went back into the ghetto one last time. He and his brother had reconciled after a shootout they'd had. Then his brother had gotten in trouble so Tupac went back into the slums to save him, and he was killed.

INTERVIEWED BY VICE STAFF

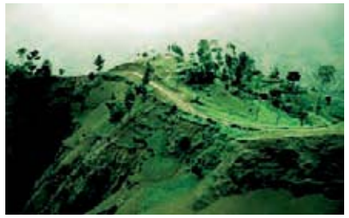
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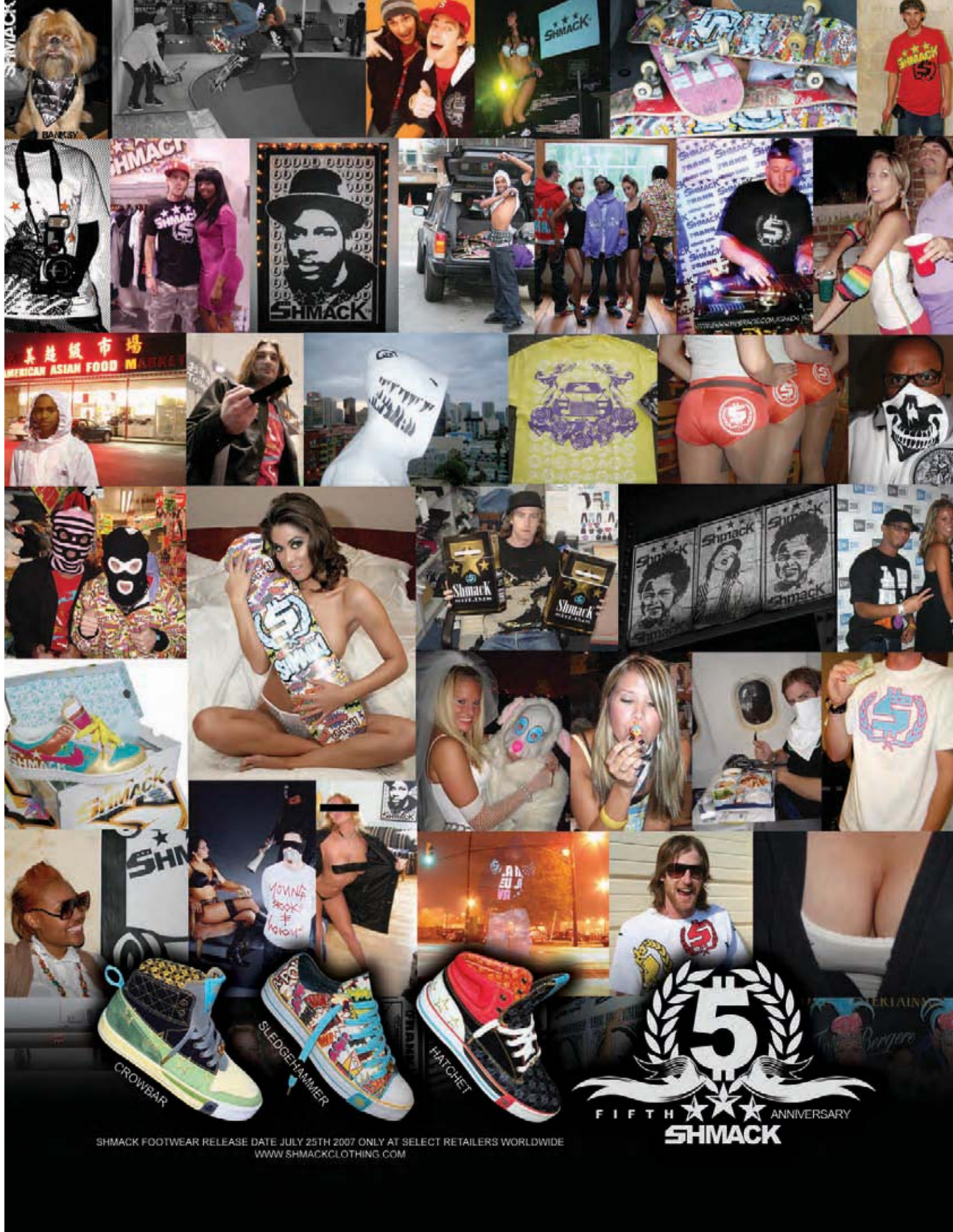












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When Ashton Kutcher was trying to convince Three 6 Mafia to stop fucking whores and go for "real girls," he meant this Brooklyn house-party type. They wear dirty shoes and keep forgetting to put on makeup, which is precisely why you want to go eat eggs with them the next morning instead of chewing your arm off.



If you have five daughters and you see this kid threatening to kill people with his giant plastic sword it will snap your heart in two. Look away.



Who is this, the Duke of Disco Dishrags? What an awesome shitpile of Stevie Nicks's Goodwill garbage.



When nerds gave up pocket protectors and became greasy metalheads we picked up their glasses and went, "Hey, these are awesome!" Now the nerds are pissed (cue Nelson Muntz).



It's OK to dress like a stupid slut if you make it so stupid that it's clear you came here tonight to cold act ill or get retarded.

The Diggers Society



T-shirt # 5 by Red Clay

The Diggers Society is **Digital Gravel**'s t-shirt of the month club featuring exclusive designs from streetwear's premium independent brands. These designs will only ever be available to members of The Diggers Society. To join, please log on to http://www.digitalgravel.com . Can you dig it?

AS SEEN ON DG



Hey shit-for-brains, it's called a condom.



We're not saying moms should be stuck in the kitchen cooking all day, but when your pierced genitals are dragging on the street and your fucking feedbags are hanging out of your leather jacket it may be time to take it down a notch.



OK, so you see sperms as tiny party animals or whatever—fine. Did it not occur to you for even one second that you have a permanent tattoo of cum on your back?



There's a special place in hell for people who use animals as fashion accessories. It's a few caves over from lawyers and right below beauty-pageant parents.



Ugh, what's worse than normal guys all dressed up in suits and posing for pictures like we can't tell their flip-flops are calling them back to the hotel like Sirens to Odysseus.



Oh look, a rodeo clown had to get dressed up for a funeral. What died, his chances of getting any girl with an IQ over 100?

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"Where you At?"

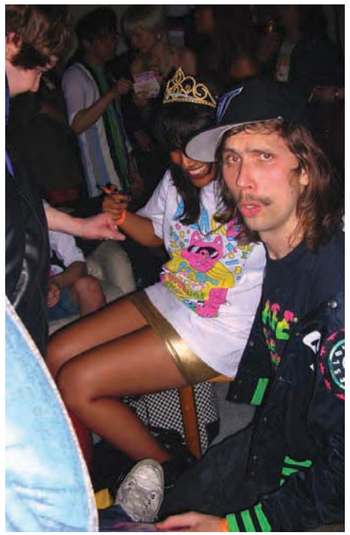
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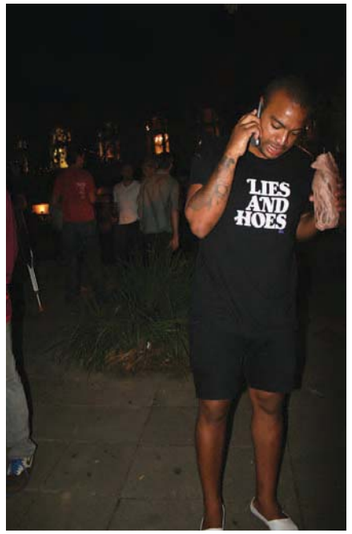
You think the dominant ethno-cultural group in your neighborhood is weird? Until you've tasted the glory that is the French Canadian you have no idea. This guy is going to bring his three plain burgers (with extra gravy) to a local bar, salt up his beer, and give some stranger a two-hour lecture on why "De womens" have more nerve endings in "deir assholes dan deir vagines."



Remember we kept saying dull was dying and things are about to explode? Two days later Ed Banger brought Justice and now everybody's your friend. Told you so.



Now that the racial shit is over and everyone sees the merit of fun stuff like sex and drugs and rock and roll can we take the rest back to the 50s please? How about a time when men weren't in baby clothes and women dressed like presents?



This guy looks like he was designed by a brilliant Japanese minimalist like Shigeo Fukuda. Just when the hoes, the beer, and the tattoo were getting too much he pulls it back with matching black, some leggy shorts, and girls' slip-ons.



This look (usually with an army jacket) has become a uniform for all East Coast pretty girls and if that's boring then I love being boring more than Al Gore.

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Call me Bobby Sensitive but unless you're David Cross and you add God spanking him, having a tattoo of Hitler goes about 30 miles past Big Balls and ends up in a town called Don't Let Me Near Kids or Women or Pets or Anything I Could Squish.

PS: Dude was in Berlin.



How can you go wrong with a couple of cherry balls on your face and the teeth of a homeless man from 1604? Well, two broken purses and a penis is a good start.



When your fanny pack is made out of human body it's time to get a bigger t-shirt.



We were trying to calculate how many years too old she was to be wearing this but 42 minus "never" doesn't give you an actual number.



Here's a thought: You probably shouldn't make your own clothes if you have shitty taste and you suck at making your own clothes.

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Significant Others



When you first find love it makes you skip to the post office or wink at a German shepherd. Sometimes, if you're lucky, you will do both at the same time. You have met a person who shares your love for Rufus Wainwright and you wonder how the light and your love have coordinated a meeting to illuminate her so perfectly.

But after a while, out of nowhere, she's clipping her toenails and eating a corn dog at the same time and it makes you wonder what the motherfuck happened. The laughter is replaced with discussions of pubic hair on the soap—even the liquid soap. You'll find yourself asking things like, "Why do you like Lou Dobbs so much?"

You start to resent that she likes to spend her evenings alphabetizing the coat hangers. She tells you that you have dandruff in your beard and you tell her that her mustache is coming back. The only time you hold hands is when you're both reaching for the Ketel One at the same time. You know she secretly visits Shia LaBeouf's fansite and she is aware that you have no problem sneezing into an old sock. The caked-on, filthy, Thai-ridden dishes in the sink wait like orphans for someone to take care of them. She tells you that you're too fat to take up skateboarding. You tell her that her that her armpits look like Ani DiFranco's when she wears a tube top. When you decide to venture out and revive what little is left of this so-called partnership, there is always that recurring argument about how many times she's told you that she hates caramelized onions. You confess that her tattoo of whatever Smurf that is on her lower shoulder is bad for dog-style lovemaking. The check comes. You ask her what four percent of $76 is so you can tip the waitress. She says that joke never gets old or funny. You walk back to your apartment where her cats have somehow learned how to roll their eyes at the very entrance of the two of you. She has control of the TiVo, she watches The Bachelor, *and you sit and wonder how to get on that show.*

That's how love goes.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

Tasteful flower border by Jim Krewson



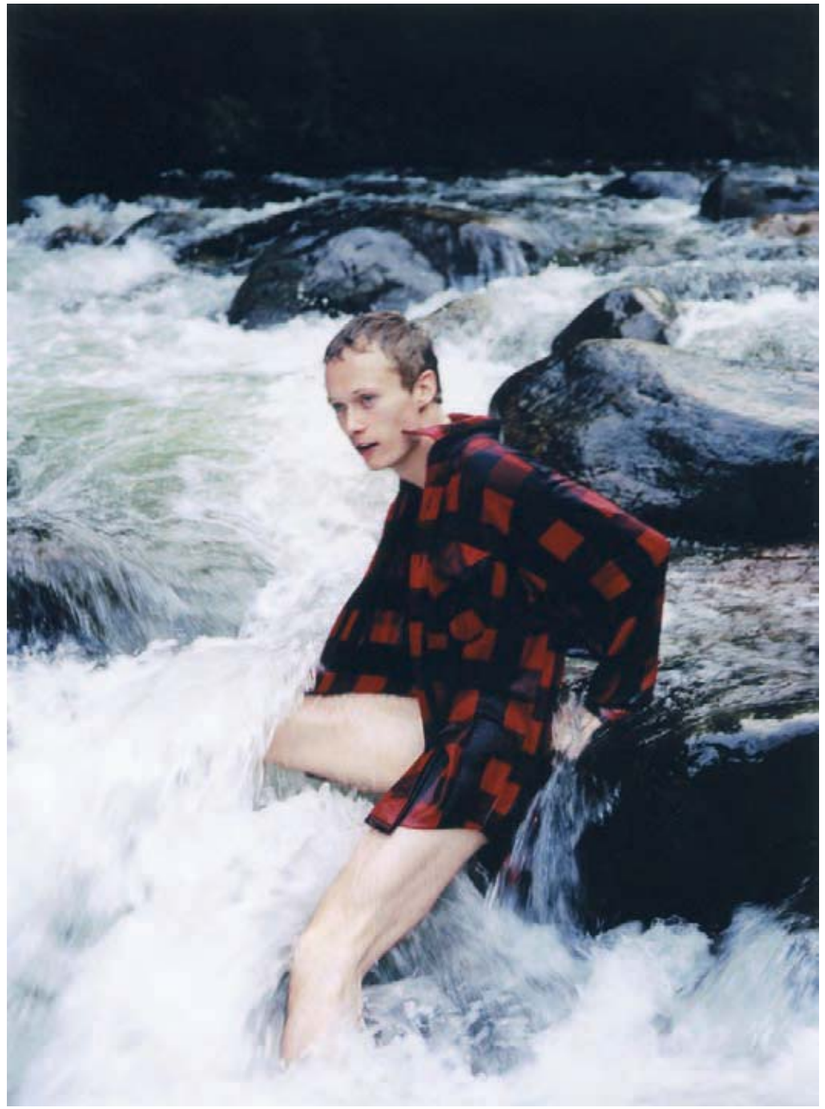


TERRY RICHARDSON ❤ JEN
Together for two and a half years.



Kiki De Montparnasse top

CASS BIRD ❤ ALI
Together for five years.



Levi's shirt

RYAN MCGINLEY ❤ OLIVER
Special friends since 2002.



APC coat, J.Crew sweater, Marc by Marc Jacobs shirt

ROE ETHRIDGE ❤ NANCY
Together since the summer of 2000, married in 2002.



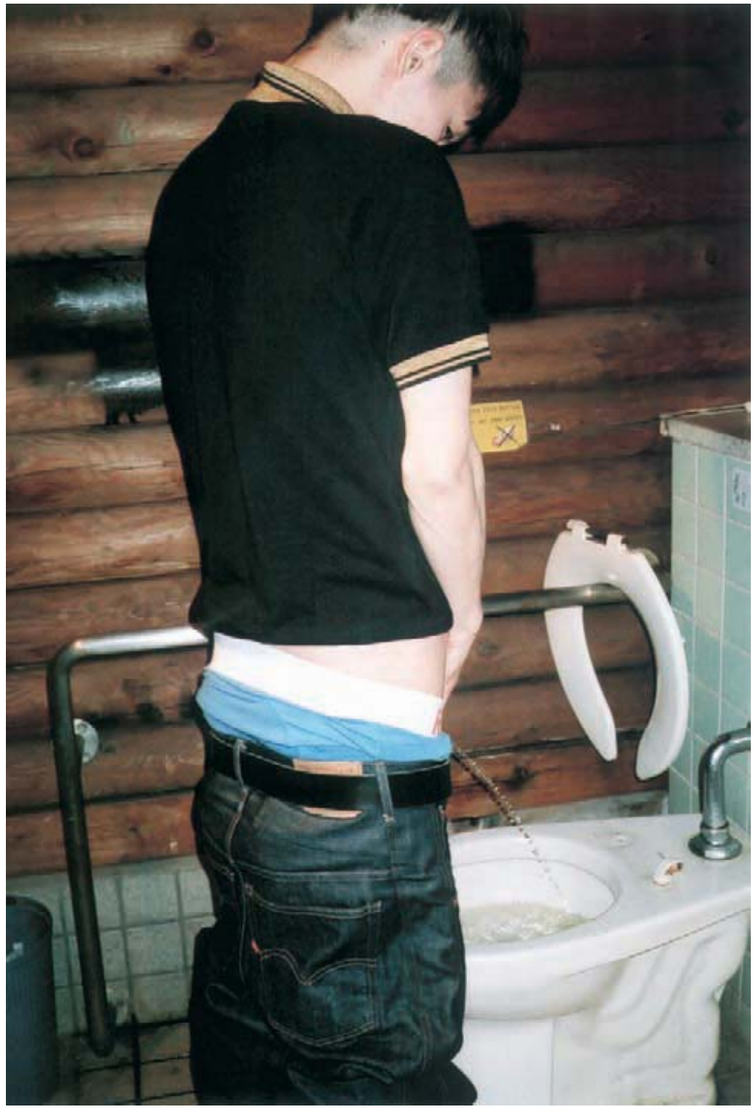
Original Penguin dress, Victoria's Secret underwear

JONATHAN BLACK ❤ LAURA
Together since 2004, married January 20, 2006.



Lacoste cardigan, Levi's jeans, vintage jewelry

PATRICK O'DELL ❤ THEODORA
Dating ten months, mostly long-distance.



Fred Perry shirt, Levi's jeans, Resterods boxer briefs

YU UKAI ❤ SHIZUKU
Seeing each other for about three months.

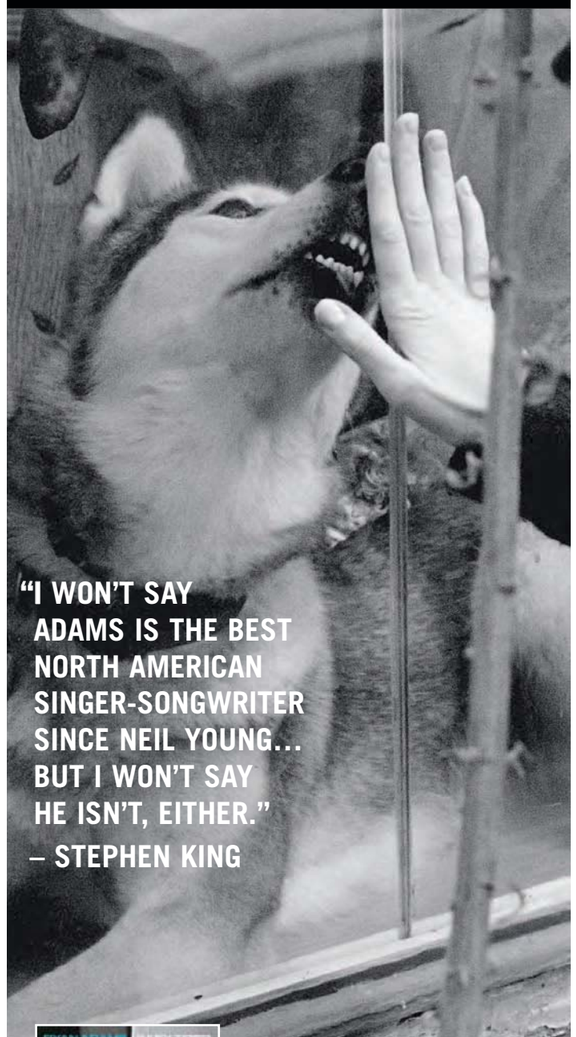


American Apparel shorts

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Photo by Andrew Laumann

BACK ON THE GRID

Dynasty Handbag is Trying to Get Her Shit Together

Oh great, another weird-looking female doing funny/confrontational performance-art-type music, right? No, seriously. It *is* great. What, anything "shades of Peaches" is automatically out? So just because one dwarfish French-Canadian lady rapped about her pubes, no girl is ever allowed to do something funny and creative on a stage by herself?

Put it this way, what would you rather see at a show: Four guys with complementary haircuts and a girl on bass shimmy-stepping around their personal areas onstage? Or one girl in funny makeup and blousy *Annie Hall* clothes being told she's pregnant, then going home to her new baby, which is a lightbulb in a plastic bag that blinks when it talks and that drags her into its baby nightmares then begins criticizing her (and also it talks with a midwestern accent)?

We would choose the latter even if she was raised by hippies and stole her name from an *SNL* sketch, which, in the case of Dynasty Handbag, it turns out she was and she didn't, respectively.

Vice: What's the deal with you and the Dynasty Handbag guy on *Saturday Night Live*?
Jibz Cameron (Dynasty Handbag): Basically, *SNL* just started using my name about a year and a half ago. I was taking a class at the Upright Citizens Brigade theater, and my teacher was this really nice guy who's friends with a lot of *SNL* people. I asked him about it, sort of naively, like, "I've been doing Dynasty Handbag for a while, and it's such a weird name, I don't know how they'd come up with it on their own." And he said, "Oh, they steal everything. They just go through the internet and find people who are doing cool stuff in rural wherever and take their ideas."

They're comedy jocks. It's like grabbing your soda in high school, "Well, I'm taking it—what are you going to do about it?"
Right. I wrote them a cease-and-desist letter. It's just too close to home. I mean, I've had this name for almost six years and it's not like I'm running a porcelain-design company making little Dynasty Handbag fiberglass unicorn statuettes or something—I do comedy/performance-type shit. A lot of people were like, "You should make them cast you!" But I don't want to be on that fucking bozo show.

You had not the most average upbringing in terms of where you lived and that sort of thing. Do you want to talk about that?
Well, my folks never really got their shit together. My dad's passed away, but he was a drug addict trying to run away from his WASP-y family. He and my mom met on a commune full of weird, arty, Merry Prankster types.

What all did they do?
They just did drugs. They also had a lot of illegitimate children running around, all dirty and half-related to each other. I have like 20 half-half-half brothers and sisters and I know all of them. We would be really broke—like no-food-in-the-house broke—then all of a sudden my dad would get a check from somewhere and we'd go get a new car and eat Yorkshire pudding with all these bearded people. Then just as quickly we'd be back on welfare and my mom would have to scam the government for money.

So they were fuckup hippies, not those caring, put-together "We stopped the war" hippies they always have in Volkswagen commercials.
I think they were just rebelling against the hard-core discipline they'd grown up with and decided that no discipline was the answer. I understand the intention, but then you wind up with kids like me who don't have a birth certificate.

You don't have a birth certificate?
I didn't for a long time. I had to go through all this crazy shit to find it and when I finally did, it was all lies. Everything was completely falsified. It sucks when you're trying to get your life together and you have no direction because everyone you grew up around was trying to be off the grid. I just wanted to be good at filing taxes, you know?

DERRICK BECKLES

Dynasty Handbag's debut album, Foo Foo Yik Yik, *is out now on Lovepump United. And hey, you should also go to dynastyhandbag.com right now and check out the video for "Soup Eyes." If you don't think it's hilarious/amazing, you are never allowed to be our friend.*

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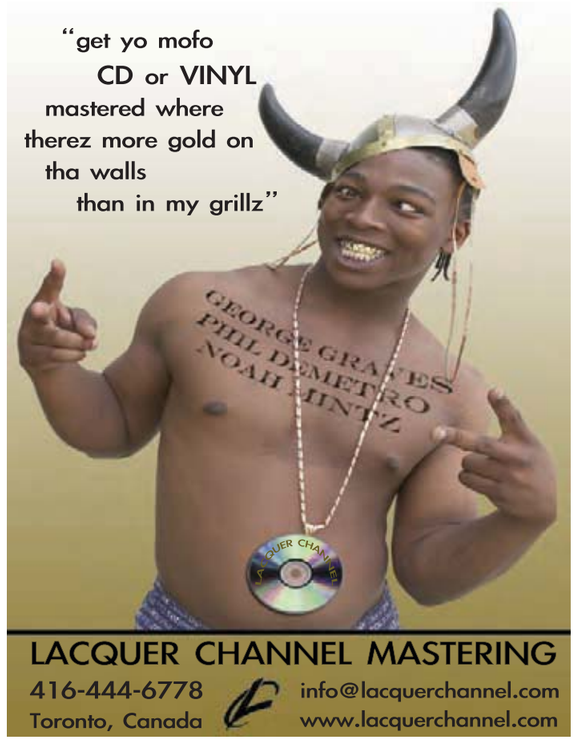




Photo by Max Zahradnik

COG AGAINST THE MACHINE

Nobody Gets Pissed Jeans

Pissed Jeans do a lot of things that, on their own, could be deemed a bit much: yelping about silly stuff, a smidge of wankery, oppressive feedback everywhere. Fortunately, when these things are combined with aplomb and companioned with some prime-rib riffs, you get what are affectionately known in certain circles as "great fucking songs." They're also exceedingly normal dudes, which helps. We caught up with their singer, Matt Korvette, to talk about stuff normal guys talk about—you know, work, hometowns, girls, and Body Count.

Vice: I heard you just played with Body Count?
Matt Korvette: It was at this big, terrible club and when we got there an MTV-style emo show had just ended. We walked up to the promoter and he yelled at us, "The emo show is over! If you're not here for Body Count, get the fuck out now!" I guess we don't look shitty enough to dig Body Count. They were incredible though. Ice-T called Bush a faggot and made fun of My Chemical Romance.

He really went out on a limb with those. Shocked there weren't any teenage Republicans with makeup on there to call him out on that.
Yeah, no kidding. The rest of the bands were all totally awful too, but in a great way. Three of the six bands had sexy dancing girls onstage with them. There were even some Nazi skins. Go figure.

You guys get out of Allentown much?
When we can, but there are day jobs involved. I don't want to end up living in an eight-bedroom house with hairy armpits and bike culture, you feel me?

Yes, like a warm hug of sensibility. What's your day job?
I'm a claims investigator for an insurance company. Basically if you have a deadbeat dad, I'm probably the guy he's yelling at over the phone at 9 AM because he was caught mowing the lawn when he said he couldn't move and needed an early refill of Oxycontin.

That sounds brutal. Any war stories?
I mainly deal with low-income workers who are fed up with their crappy situations and are looking for an easy out. Namely, free money from an alleged and always unwitnessed back sprain that happened in the back room at work behind a wall of boxes.

And do you let the squeaky wheels get greased?
Whatever. Whether I punk out a dude or get punked myself, my paycheck is the same.

So the reason you don't tour more often is because you're a cog in the system. Nice.
Eh, tours are just a precursor to the real action at home. Last tour all I wanted to do was get home and see this new lady I met. A couple weeks later, she told me that she wanted to know the exact time I was born in order to "figure me out." I bounced.

Yikes.
She was psychic, too. And she thought Pissed Jeans sounded like Rage Against the Machine. I knew it would be weird.

RYAN DUFFY

Pissed Jeans' new album, Hope for Men, *comes out this month on Sub Pop.*







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THIRTY'S COMPANY

The Many Faces of Dark Meat

At first glance it's easy to mistake the 30-odd members of Dark Meat for a modern-day Manson Family. Or an even moderner-day Polyphonic Spree—minus the matching gay robes and annoyingness. Yes, Dark Meat has many members. And they all radiate freakish joy and tour the country in a jury-rigged church van that barely has enough room to sleep sitting up. Oh, and the band's full name is Dark Meat/Vomit Lasers/Family Band/Galaxy. No scrimping on people or names for these jolly life-lovers!

Initially a Neil Young cover band, the project eventually morphed into the scruffy, psychedelic carnival of hooray that you see before you. We quizzed two of the founding members to see how much they knew about the rest of their ridiculously huge band.

Vice: Name everyone that has ever been in Dark Meat and their respective instruments off the top of your head. No cheating.
Jim McHugh (guitar, vocals): OK. There's Ben Clack on bass and vocals, Forrest Leffer plays drums, Kris Deason on guitar, Bryan Poole on noise amp, uhh, Al Daglis on alto and tenor sax, Charlie Estes on trumpet and percussion, umm, Nick Canada on trumpet, Aaron Jollay plays trombone, Becky Noble on clarinet, uhh let's see here… John Fernandes on violin, Jason Robira on drums, Jeff Tobias on alto sax, Pete Erchick on keyboards, Andy Steck played with us for one show and basically just held an A chord on a Yamaha, Kayla Cox on "Yoko" screams and junk percussion, Emily Armond on piccolo and flute, Heather Heyn on vocals, Page Campbell on vocals, Claire Campbell on vocals. Give me a half second… I know I'm missing some motherfucker... Chris Smith on percussion and vocals, Steve Miller on percussion and vocals, and Tim Schreiber on guitar, vocals, percussion, and timpani. Let's see, anyone else I'm leaving out? Umm… Laura Carter and Jason Trahan have played with us during noise shows. Asa Leffer is our producer and sometimes plays keyboards. Uhh, I want to make sure I'm not leaving anyone out… Chris Bradley—whom we call the "Spiritbird"—he was our original second drummer. I think that's everyone. I might have forgotten someone. I don't think I did.

What color hair does each person currently playing with the band have?
Jim: Jeff has black hair, mine's blond but sometimes has red shit in it from face paint, Ben has thinning blond-brown hair, Kris's is brown, Forrest's is black, Heather's is anywhere from red to blond depending on the week, Page's is blond, uhh, Claire is a brunette, Robira's is dark brown, "Spiritbird" has reddish blond hair with a gnarly red beard, Tim's is sort of a strawberry blond, Aaron's is bright red, Charlie's is gray-brown, Nick has black hair, Pete's is crazy gray, John's is black-black, and Becky's is blondie-brown.

What are their middle names?
Jim: Forrest's middle name is Elias, Kris's middle name is Carl, Robira's is Tito—he's Hispanic. Page's middle name is Robson, my middle name is Mitchell, let me see… uhh… I just had somebody… I forgot who it was. Oh, Claire's middle name is Marie. That's all I know.

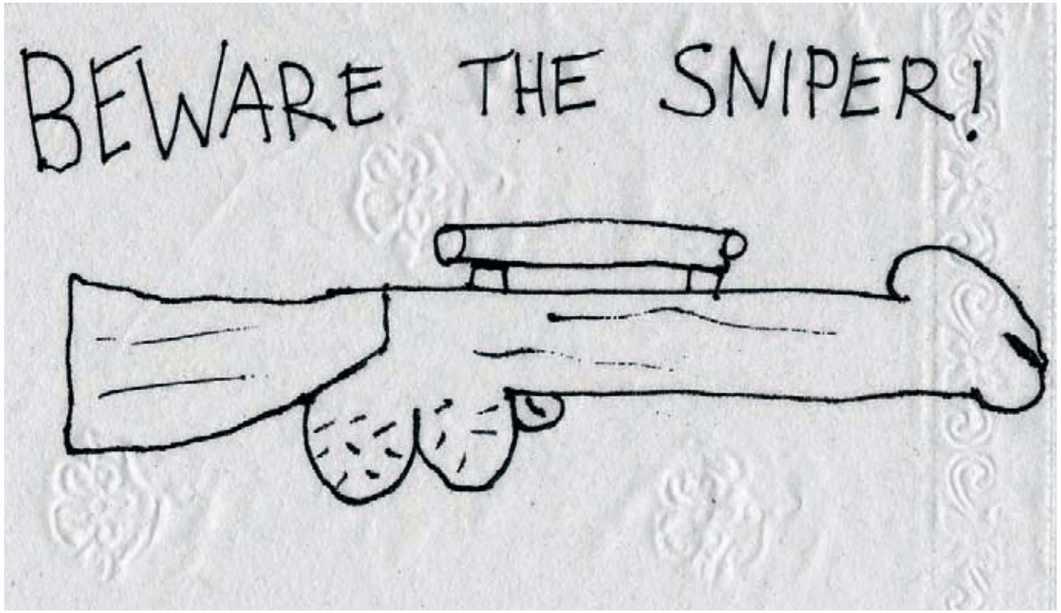
Who has the worst gas?
Ben Clack (bass, vocals): Jim. Definitely.

ROCCO CASTORO

Dark Meat's latest album, Universal Indians, *is out now on Orange Twin Records.*

Photo by Nick Canada







YO MAMMA'S A FREAK 2

Blackicedvd.com
Dir: Lee G.
Rating: 10

I think I mentioned to you that my wife, Crissie, after 16 years, stopped taking the Pill on Valentine's Day 2007. At first we were very excited to start work on the production of our new line of real-life Chris Nieratko action figures, but we haven't had the best of luck over these past few months. Initially, I thought I hit a hole in one. A week or so after she stopped the birth control I made a deposit and was pretty certain that I'd just shot the magic bullet. I dragged myself off her naked body and handed her a towel. Then a pad and pen. "What's this for?" she asked. "You might want to mark the date and time of conception—my work here is done." She laughed, but I wasn't kidding. I truly felt I'd gotten one past the goalie.

As days turned to weeks with no sign of her period, even she started to believe that maybe she was pregnant. You cannot begin to understand the sense of pride I felt knowing that my aim was that true. I began to refer to myself as the Sniper. I began doodling little sketches of penises with shotgun scopes and stocks beneath the words "BEWARE THE SNIPER." I planned to get it tattooed on my body. I began to think that me and my penis were the cure to any woman's infertility. Once word spread of my supersperm, couples the whole world over would be knocking at my door begging me to inseminate their wives. And maybe I would… maybe I would. But for a price! The Sniper doesn't cum cheap!

As I sat daydreaming out my bow window, picturing myself swimming through pools of gold coins and jewels like Scrooge McDuck, my wife walked over to me and stuck a bloody piece of toilet paper in my face. Before my eyes the pools of gold dried up and turned to puddles of blood. She was not pregnant and I was not the Sniper.

I'll be honest: Not being the Sniper really took the wind out of my sails. I'm a bit discouraged. My wife has been supportive of me as a failed superhero, saying things like, "Don't you want to have some fun before you get me pregnant? Practice is the funnest part," and "There's always next time." But all I can say to that is, "A trained sniper shouldn't need a second shot! I guess I'm just not cut out to be a solider of fortune." She thinks I'm being funny or cute or whatever wives think when they dismiss their husband's feelings—I just don't think her hearing is good enough to hear my dreams shattering.

Since then I've lost my passion for the whole deal. Yeah I blow my wad, but it feels empty, like I'm shooting hollow points. My concentration isn't even there anymore. I continue to pull out as a force of habit. Christ! For 20 years I have been pulling out to NOT get girls pregnant, so now I keep forgetting that I have to leave it in if there's to be any hope of me being even a recreational marksman. I'm considering tying a rope around us so I can't go anywhere. I know this all may seem rather sad and uninteresting to you, being all young and hip and high on COCAINE, but this is what you have to look forward to. You just wait until the day comes when you have to second-guess the abilities of your penis. Now I understand why it took Christopher Reeve so long to muster up the courage to get back on a horse.

CHRIS NIERATKO

For more of Chris go to Chrisnieratko.com. His new Vice *book,* Skinema, *is available from Americanapparel.net.*





Last month Lesley Arfin interrogated Chris Nieratko about his new book, *Skinema*, and other heady topics including the human genome, colony collapse disorder in American honeybees, and the Drexler Act. Now, in honor of the release of *Dear Diary*, Lesley's dazzling debut collection of her long-running *Vice* column, we've flipped the flippy chairs and asked Nieratko to kick the debate up a notch—you know, really delve into today's most pressing societal issues. Let's see how that went.

Chris Nieratko: I hear you think shaved pussies are gross.
Lesley Arfin: I mean 100 percent shaved. A completely shaved pussy is a little girl's pussy and that is troubling. When you go through puberty you grow hair. Men need to deal with it and not be pedophiles. I prefer a Brazilian with the triangle still attached, but everything else gone, you know what I mean?

Is that what you're running, the triangle?
Yeah. So the lips are clean, the asshole is clean, but when you look at the pussy there's a little triangle of pubes.

Like an arrow indicating to continue downward.
Yes, clever. I also think 70s bush can be hot. But I'm not going down on girls so I don't really care.

Have you ever gone down on a girl?
No, but my friend Marissa went down on me—I took a bath with her in high school and we made out. It was fun but also weird. And she's dead now. So it's really weird.

You never told me that you have a toxic vagina!
Yeah, my vagina poisoned her and she died. Haha. No, she died of a heroin overdose years later.

When you think back upon those two memories of her 1) eating you out and 2) now being dead, do you ever progress into thinking about her being dead and you rubbing your vagina on her dead face?
NO!

Not even for a split second?
Not even a little. Gross, Chris!

Didn't you once try internet dating?
Oh my God, who told you that?

I read it on a bathroom wall…
Yeah, when I first got sober I gained like 20 pounds so I wasn't that good-looking and I wasn't meeting dudes when I was going out. I was really, really horny because I wasn't doing drugs or drinking and MySpace didn't exist yet, so I met a few guys on Nerve.com and I had some experiences that weren't good. This one guy—oh my God—he looked cute in his picture, but then I went to meet him and he was the same exact height as me, which is five-two. He was a fucking midget! So I was like, "Whatever, let's go back to my house." My whole ploy to get people back to my house was, and still is, "My computer's fucked-up, are you good with computers?"

Haha. Sounds like a typical porn scenario.
Totally, and they're all like, "Yeah, I can tinker around with it, see what the problem is." So this guy comes over and for some reason he was really into that fucking gay song by Spoon, "That's the Way We Get By." It's the corniest song, but he's like, "You have to hear this, it's the best song ever." So he put it on and proceeded to strip down to his tighty-whities, jump on my bed, and play air guitar.

With his schlong as the guitar?
Nope, just playing air guitar in his underwear like he was 12. I was standing there gaping like, "I cannot believe this is happening right now." I guess he was trying to seduce me—he thought I'd think he was being cute or whatever. I was just like, "You have to go." Maybe I hooked up with him after that, I don't even remember.

Was this the same guy you talk about in your book who shaved his private parts and used baby powder?
No, that was another guy. Ugh, I'll never forget the way that tasted. This guy lived with his parents in Queens and was trying to be a firefighter and was really cute. He came over and I went to give him a BJ and he was totally shaved, 100 percent. Which is fine—it makes your dick look bigger or whatever.

That's why I do it.
Yeah. Anyway, I guess he had shaved his balls that day and didn't want to get razor burn so he put baby powder all over his nut sack. It was so gross I gagged. I just couldn't do it. It was all dry and my mouth was all dry and it was just… I don't know. I think he still lives with his parents.

So Chloë Sevigny wrote the intro to your book, huh?
Yeah?

Do you ever call her… Cabernet Sauvignon?
No, but I will from now on!

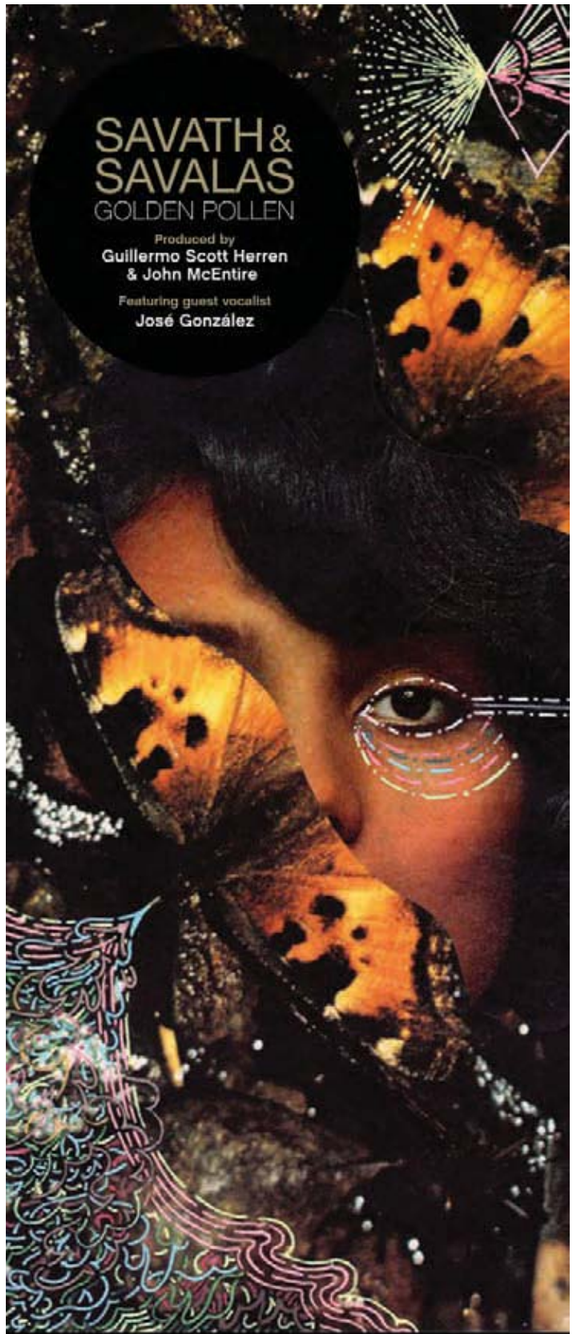
Lesley Arfin's book, Dear Diary, *is being published by Vice Books this month. Get it from Americanapparel.net or wherever awesomeness is sold.*

Pissed Jeans **Hope for Men**



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Guitar Hero II
Publisher: *Activision*
Platform: *Xbox 360*
Genre: *Rock Simulation*

This is the way a video game sequel should be: more of the same, only way, way better. It's like the lineage from *Call of Duty 2* to *Call of Duty 3*. You take the basic formula of the last game and then you trick it out in various ways that make fan boys want to shit their pants with glee.

So what does *Guitar Hero II* add to its predecessor? First and foremost, you can play the bass now, which is beyond rad. There are also new chords that require three buttons to play, which is fucking hard but if you nail a couple of them you start to feel like a god. Oh and there's a thing called Practice Mode, where you can focus on just the verse or chorus of a song. (If you think this sounds way too nerdy, you probably shouldn't even be reading this, by the way. This is the games reviews section. What do you want?)

The new songs are great too. The best thing about the *Guitar Hero* games is that you can take a ridiculous guilty pleasure tune and listen to it as many times as you want because, you know, you're trying to win the game. So there's your excuse for playing shit that is way too lame to say you like but which secretly gets your inner jock fucking PUMPED. There's Rage Against the Machine, Primus, Nirvana, Rancid, Foo Fighters… even that little troll Matthew Sweet gets dug up and thrown onstage.

Apparently they have some "hip cats" working at the *Guitar Hero* office too, because they've added stuff like Danzig, the Stooges, the Butthole Surfers, the Pretenders, and Suicidal Tendencies.

Multiplayer on *Guitar Hero II* opens up a whole new world of dorkdom. Riffing on a tiny plastic guitar while you talk through a little headset to some chubby 14-year-old gamer in Kansas? It's the stuff geek dreams are made of.

GUS NAYHAY



Virtua Tennis
Publisher: *Sega*
Platform: *PS3/Xbox 360*
Genre: *Real Tennis*

Which would you rather do: Have your face caked in a layer of human shit for two hours or spend months and months and months of your life hunched over in front of a monitor carefully rendering the digital hair of a digital tennis player so that it doesn't look like a cartoon helmet only to have the product of all your labor completely replaced two years down the line by a new version of the exact same game? Being the hair guy for a game like this has got to be the most soul-crushing gig since books were made in monasteries and one monk's entire job would be copying the same page of Psalms over and over again. Oh, and PS: With the shit-mask, you have to keep your mouth closed for the first 20 minutes.

THELDON BOIS

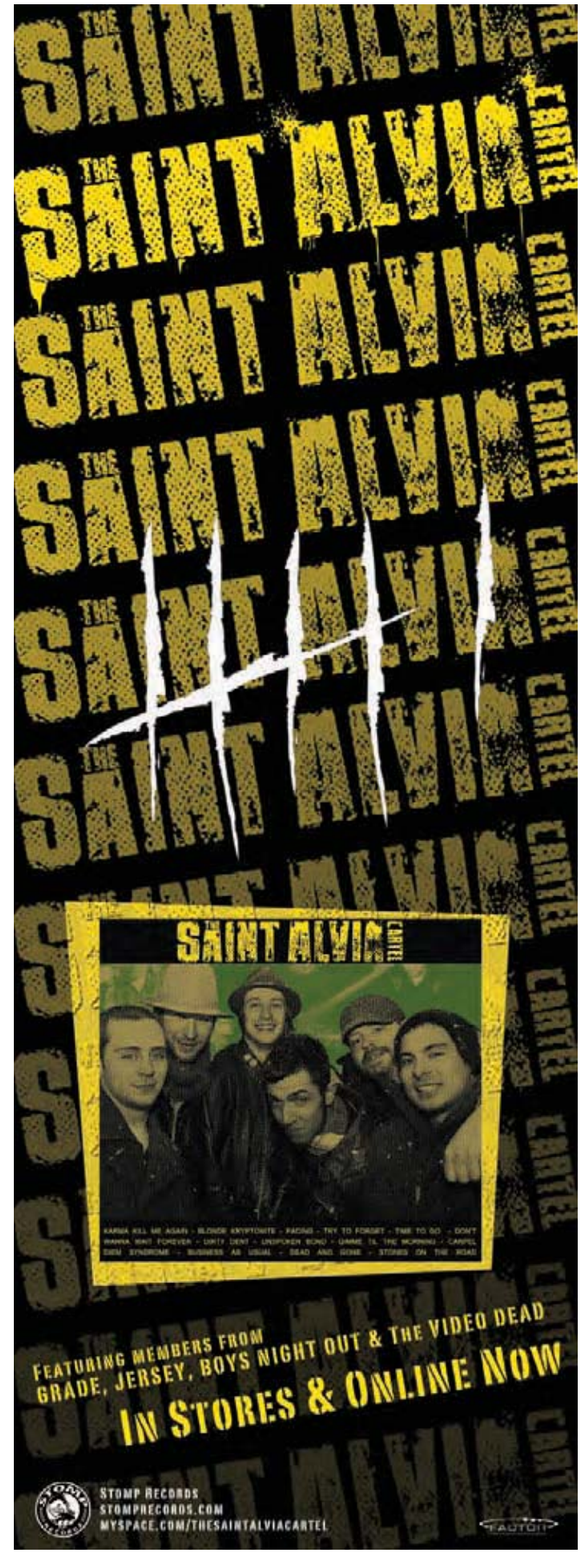


Wing Island
Publisher: *Nintendo*
Platform: *Wii*
Genre: *Bird Flight*

Isn't this supposed to be for kids? It took me three hours of wobbling around my living room like a moron just to keep from flying straight into a cliff right away. It probably doesn't help that it was four in the morning and I was trying to take my mind off the caffeine overdose I'd accidentally given myself by tossing back a coffeepot full of TheraFlu and coffee residue in a last ditch effort to kill the head cold I've been living with for the past two weeks, but three fucking hours? And then, once I finally got the hang of it, I puked. Probably the TheraFlu's fault, but still.

HAYMAKER SHLEMMER





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Virtua Fighter 5
Publisher: *Sega*
Platform: *PS3*
Genre: *Pain Simulation*

There are few things more boring than a really good fight, like one where the fighters are well matched and at the peak of their health. Nobody wants to sit around looking at fine physical specimens dealing out perfectly placed and landed punches. All that "power of the human physique" shit is for closeted gay jocks in the 1950s and Leni Riefenstahl.

What makes a fight worth watching are the little mitigating factors: drunkenness, a major physical discrepancy between the fighters (200-pound woman versus her 15-year-old nephew), impromptu use of foreign objects, and hastily improvised moves. I would rather see a pair of scrawny, balding accountants go at each other over who's been emailing dick pictures to the other's wife than a thousand ultimate warriors battling each other just to win some tournament of ultimate champions. Call me a straight man, but hey that's how I roll.

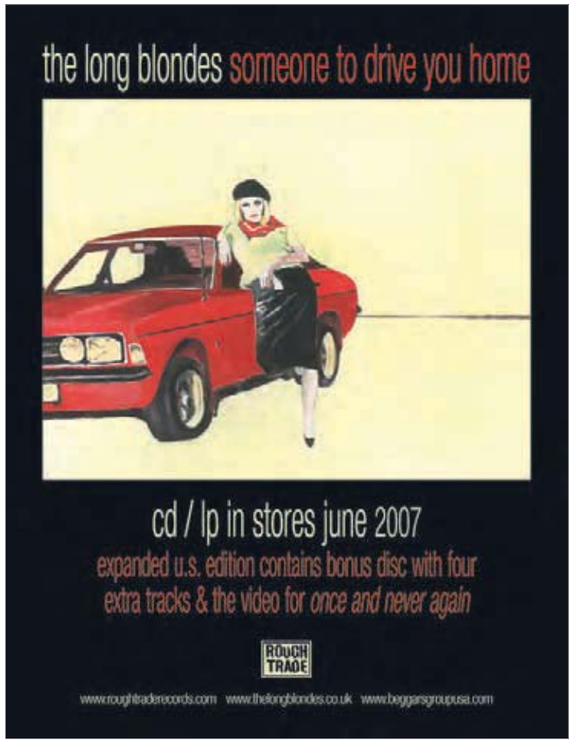
My opinion on real-life fights carries through to my take on video games that are about fighting. It may be a feat of unequalled computer skill to program the twitch of a picture-perfect *latissimus dorsi* contracting from a kidney punch, but who gives a shit? You could put together the most realistic game of all time, featuring characters with completely plausible muscle structures and streetfighting styles but at the end of the day, all anybody really wants to see when they turn on their Xbox is a blue-furred Sasquatch scissor-kicking the head off a Japanese schoolgirl because she's trying to conquer his forest.

Virtua Fighter 5, like all the previous *VF*s, is set at some sort of tournament of ultimate champions and is supposed to be a video-game showcase of real-world martial arts. We'll pause here for a second so you can yawn a few times.

To their credit, they've cooked up an elaborate background story for the whole deal involving an evil corporation or whatever, but it's the kind of thing you only know about if you don't click through all the cut-scenes at the beginning, so it doesn't count. There are no fireballs, no lazer eyes, no magic lightning, no helper animals, no stretchy-arms, no blade-arms, no tentacle-arms, no retractable cannon-arms, no hammer-arms—nothing. These guys are so hemmed in by their own dedication to realism that now that they've finally decided to introduce a zany new character, the best they could come up with is a Mexican wrestler. A Mexican wrestler. That's them "cutting loose."

Maybe this kind of thing appeals to those pudgy former frat types you always see tucking in their shirts on the train platform in the morning. Maybe it gives them a chance to let out all the frustration built up from being forced to live such a shitty, unimaginative life on whichever character looks most like their supervisor at Makovsky & Cooper or whatever consulting/investment firm they work for. But for those of us who appreciate the finer things in life, this kind of boring, by-the-book game is murder.

I'd like to believe little creative quibbles like these could be overcome by solid gameplay or good controls, or one of those other meaningless features video game reviewers like to throw into the mix, but you know what? It just ain't happening. This otherwise enjoyable game is completely ruined because I can't play it as a giant bat that traps his opponent in a sticky guano-net fired out of his butt. Sorry.
PRESTLER BOYD









BEST ALBUMS OF THE MONTH (TIED): LIL WAYNE & AGAINST ME!



LIL WAYNE
Da Drought 3
Young Money Entertainment

Well, it's official. 2007 is the worst year for rap music in recent memory. What are we supposed to talk about here? Mike Jones's new album? Lil Flip? Talib Kweli? (Who is that guy again?) Luckily, there's Lil Wayne. Granted, we've been championing him for a few years, and by now, he's on every single remix known to man, but that's for a reason: At press time and until further notice, Weezy F. Baby is the best rapper alive. The kid single-handedly exemplifies everything that hip-hop has to offer. If tomorrow someone were to ask me to send a tape to Martians to teach them what rap is, I'd send them *Drought 3*.

We're talking a display of verbal gymnastics that reaches Olympic proportions here, ladies and gentlemen. The metaphors are mind-blowing, the flow is effortless, the voice control is better than it's ever been. For instance, take the way Wayne addresses that photo of him kissing Baby on the mouth: "Damn right I kissed my daddy/I think they're pissed at how rich my daddy is…/Who was there when I needed money? Just my daddy…/Who said that I'd be the one? Just my daddy/Hello hip-hop, I'm home, it's your daddy."

See, this guy basically raps about three things: money, sports, and drugs. The money part is self-explanatory. The sports come in such intertwined references that only the most dedicated ESPN couch potato could understand them. As for the drugs, I'm now tempted to think that it's Weezy's signature overconsumption of weed and syrup that makes him so dope. How else would you explain the moments where his flow untangles into free-form word associations such as: "Beef, yes, chest, feet/Tag, bag, blood, sheets/Yikes, yeeks, great Scott/Storch can I borrow your yacht?" This is astounding and retarded, all at once.

A few other things to note: 1) Weezy loves the Dipset. He shouts them out on every other track, raps over their beats, and even offers an amazing rendition of Juelz's "Santana's Town": "And the bank is here, Lincoln's here, Grant's here, Jackson's here, Franklin's here—them dead motherfuckers/And the drink is here, dank is here, stinkin' here, gangtas here, wankstas fear—that red, motherfucker." 2) Weezy's got zingers for days. If you're into punch lines like "my words carry life like a stretcher," or "stand on my toes you can call me Paul Bunyan," you're in luck because there's about 50 of them per track. 3) And finally, Weezy does fuck up. Out of these 25 songs, there are two horrific missteps—a remake of "Crazy" and one of Ciara's "Promises." But that's it. The rest would make a skinhead want to rock Phat Farm for the rest of his life.
BUSTA NUT





BONDE DO ROLE
With Lasers
Domino

This is a bunch of cute, feisty kids from southern Brazil who like boobs and are inspired by the Funk Bailes in Rio, which are basically murderous indoor games of Capture the Flag set to beats and piles of cocaine. The music is super bouncy and the girl sounds like she's chanting cute jump-rope rhymes until your Portuguese-speaking friend walks in the room and starts cracking up and you're like, "What's so funny?" That's when your friend tells you that the singer just said: "I was at a party/ And I saw a whore/ I put my tongue in her asshole/ And my tongue came out all dirty." And you're like "HAHAHA! Hi, favorite new band."
WAYNE OUT OUEST



DNTEL
Dumb Luck
Sub Pop

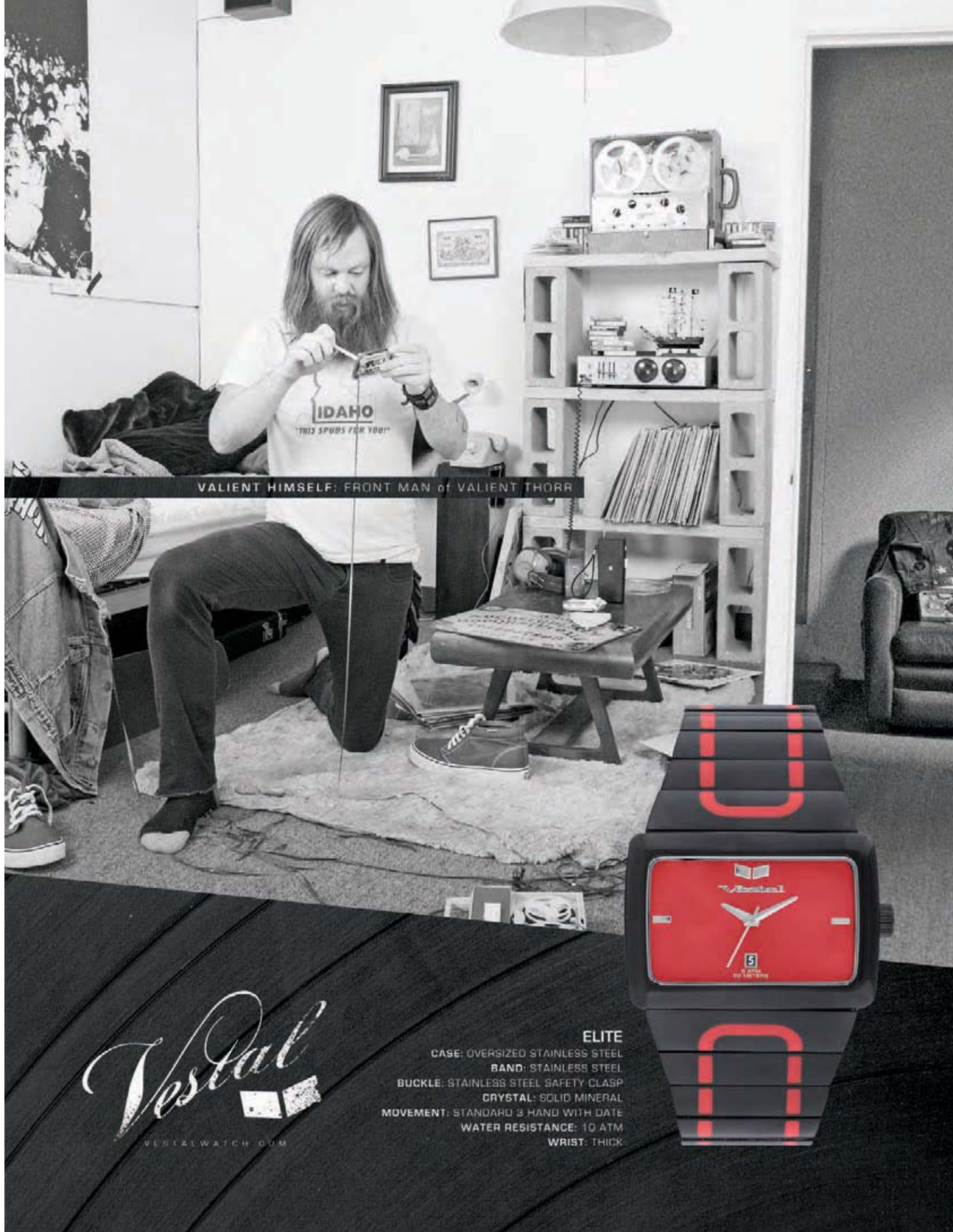
The Postal Service is a limp-noodle side project that spouts more clichés than a Southern Baptist. And we think it's really mean that you're dragging those pretty girls Jenny Lewis, Mia Doi Todd, and Conor Oberst down with you. They know how to work the demo setting on a Yamaha all by themselves, thanks.
CLEETUS BLEECKER





AGAINST ME!
New Wave
Sire

Holy fucking shit. Against Me! turned into the Bruce Springsteen of punk rock! That means the music is epic and the lyrics tell stories that mean stuff. And the best part, in our opinion, is that if these songs make it to the radio (which they really should), Top 40 listeners will be ingesting lyrics about the overavailability of info nowadays and how it can drive you nuts, about sad cougars clinging to their youth, and about anxiety so bad that you grind your teeth flat. All of that, set to some of the best, hookiest songs we've heard since *London Calling*.
JERRY MCPHEERSON





WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: THE MAGIC NUMBERS



EPISODE
7"
self-released

Refreshingly unintelligible and minimalist brutality for a new era of hateful scum kids. Self-recorded in what sounds like the trunk of a car and self-released with zero packaging, lyrics, or even song titles—just "Episode" silk-screened on a plain white sleeve. Had this not been given to me by someone in the band I might have thought it was a bootleg of some obscure Japanese thrash unit from another decade. In reality, they are from Tennessee, which means 20 years from now some dude in Osaka is going to "fan club" this instead. The circle of life continues.
PUSSY FOOTER



SHADOWS FALL
Threads of Life
Atlantic

What are these guys, an entropic model for how all thrash bands progress from good(/half-decent) toward absolute suck? On a side note, I propose a new disclaimer to accompany the Parental Advisory sticker: "Warning: Band contains at least one white guy with dreadlocks." Not that having a distressed-font logo wasn't enough of a heads-up.
LEON SPHINCTS



BRUTAL KNIGHTS
Feast of Shame
Deranged

I saw this flaming train wreck of a band like ten bazillion times before it clicked that the name was a riff on the term "feudal knights." The fact that it took so long for me to realize this blatantly obvious and asinine joke is the same thing that makes me the number-one Brutal Knights fan: I'm kind of an imbecile. Likewise, if you are into high-speed stupidity and asstarded mayhem, here's a record that will fit you like a dunce cap. Wear it with pride and go hurt yourself. Everyone else: Stay in school, kids!
DR. SCIENTIST



PTERODACTYL
S/T
Brah

Hey, it's like Deerhoof without an epileptic Japanese pygmy vocalist and with more scuzz. I know that sounds like it wouldn't work but this is great to put on when you're in a bad mood and want to be in an even worse one. My biggest complaint stems from the little 15-second doodles stuck between songs. Guys, I don't care if you were high on ketamine and thought it was the best riff ever: Interludes are for rappers (lame rappers).
SQUAT BREATH



NINE INCH NAILS
Year Zero
Interscope

After he toured with Skinny Puppy around 1990 or so, the Rez officially became the "safe" face of industrial music. *Pretty Hate Machine* was a decent record but got assimilated into the sound track du jour for fag-bashing high school lacrosse players. These things were excusable, but this piece of crap is not. I'd rather have the shit kicked out of me than doze off to bleepity-blorpity clicks and a 40-plus-year-old guy leaving an angry hour-long message on a malfunctioning answering machine (because it's either Trent Reznor or my dad, and in both cases tell them I'm not home!).
HOLD MY BABY



AFGHAN WHIGS
Unbreakable (A Retrospective)
Rhino

I vaguely remember seeing this band on *120 Minutes* in the mid-90s, when I would be watching in hopes of catching a glimpse of someone *Sassy*-ish like Beck or Juliana Hatfield. Whenever something shitty like this would come on, that was prime bathroom-break time. It must be a Pavlov's-dog kinda thing, because when I opened the envelope and saw this CD I immediately had to go poo.
SCARED RABBIT



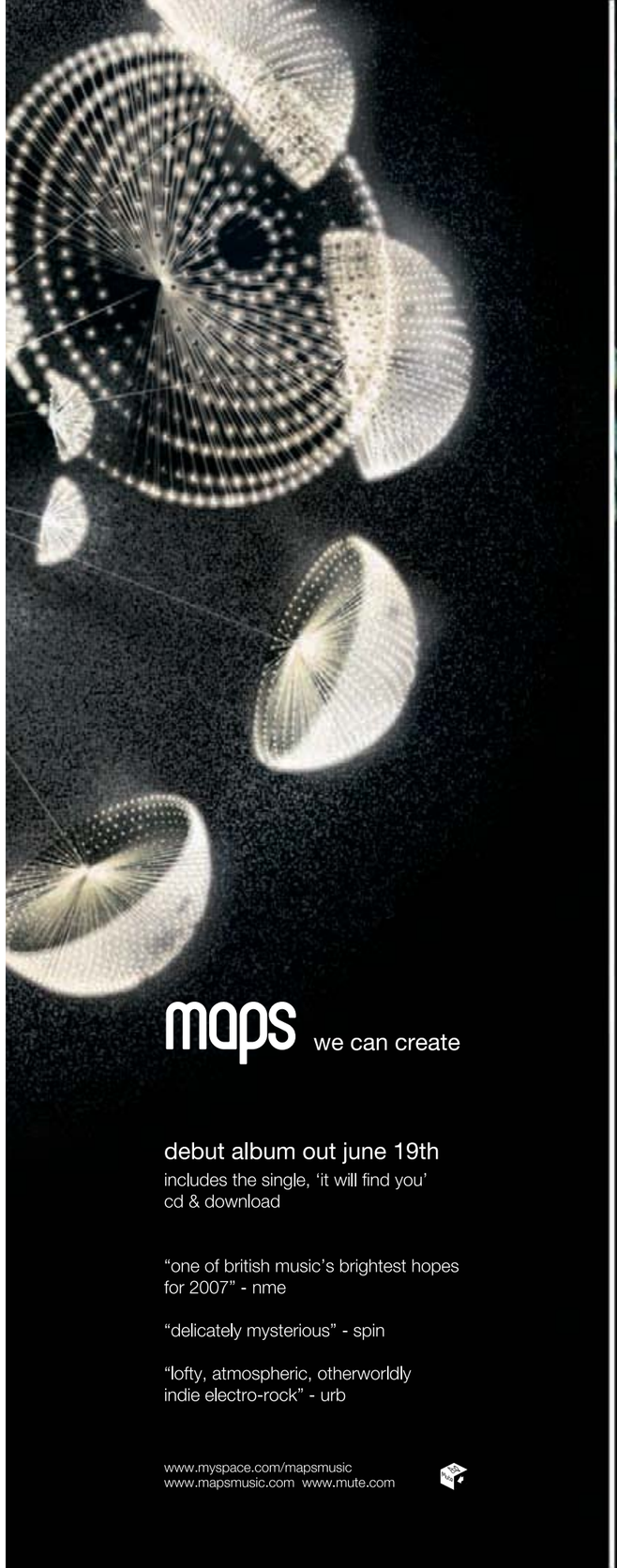
NO AGE
Get Hurt
Upset the Rhythm

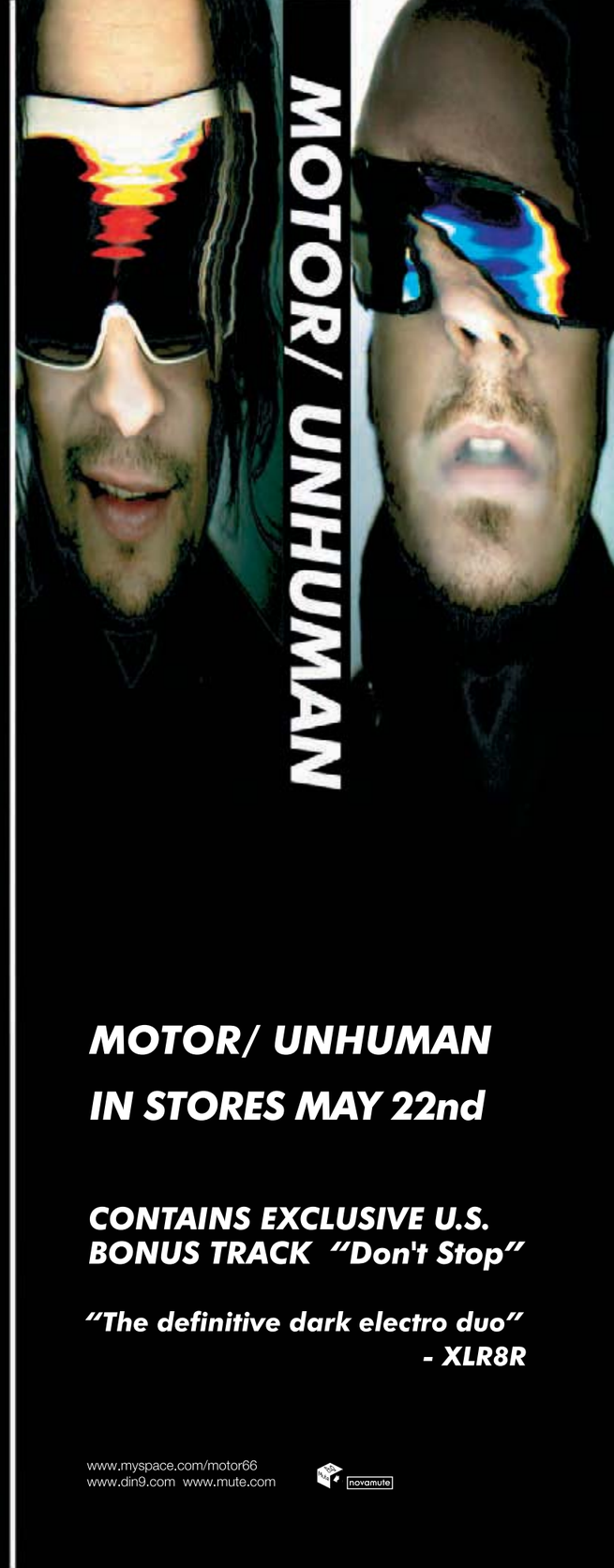
Not to get all fan boy here, but you know when a band just fucking gets it? Like, the whole thing: tunes, look, record covers, merch, attitude, etc? These adorable little scamps seem to innately know everything about being in a band. They are a functioning DOs and DON'Ts model for all other bands to follow, and I'm totally serious, if maybe a bit gay as well.
JOHN RITTER



THE MOONEY SUZUKI
Have Mercy
V2

God, this band has been around forever, and I've managed to ignore them till now. I don't know why I had a grudge against them. I think it's because I









BEST COVERS OF THE MONTH (TIED AGAIN): LIL WAYNE & AGAINST ME!

read that they named their band after the singers from the band Can and I thought that was pretentious. Plus I never really liked Can. But it's weird because they sound nothing like Can. They're playing dumb, fun, good-time rock with na-na-na's and saxophones and black lady backup singers and it's like the opposite of pretentious! I could not be more pleased. The guy could use some singing lessons though. I can tell he really wants to croon, but he's not quite there yet.
KELLS BELLS





AMERICAN SNEAKERS
Darts & Daggers
Free News Projects

Jayson from Philly-rap funsters Plastic Little channels classic-era K Records here and actually sounds surprisingly like Calvin Johnson! Hahaha. It's funny at first but then guess what? It's really good! Like, quality! Just like in Plastic Little, the lyrics are all funny and often about drugs, but now the music is super pretty and folky. Kinda reminiscent of the Moldy Peaches in their brief yet shining heyday. What a delightful surprise this is. Really, really delightful and surprising. Highly recommended!
MARY MCPANTS



PATTI SMITH
Twelve
Columbia

Hearing Patti Smith sing "Everybody Rules the World" and "Smells Like Teen Spirit" is hilaaarious. There's something so wrong about it, yet so very right! Like imagine Joni Mitchell singing "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" but serious. You know what I mean? What if you had a cool older friend who knew Patti Smith and one night he invited you to party with him and Patti at a karaoke bar and you got to do karaoke with Patti Smith? Wouldn't that blow your mind? Well, this is what it would be like! You'd never be able to do karaoke again. It'd be too much of an anticlimax and then you'd be all, "Thanks for ruining karaoke for me forever, Patti Smith!"
MEG SNEED



FEIST
The Reminder
Arts & Crafts/Polydor

Now here is a lady who sings like a singer! Yeah sure, she can be all kitten-witten whispery and cutesy (typical, annoying) but it's when she suddenly takes it down from her breathy head voice and belts one out from the gut that she starts to sound like Carly Simon (or Joni Mitchell when she's being jazzy) and I get psyched! She can really hold a note! How sad is the state of "alternative" music when I get excited about a girl who can sing vibrato? Ooh, and sometimes she also kinda sounds like the girl from the Sundays. I am prepared to defend this against boys everywhere.
LUCKY McPHEE



THE MAGIC NUMBERS
Those The Brokes
Astralwerks

Oh my God, I have zero patience for this wishy-washy, myeh-myeh-myeh, tug-your-heartstrings cream-cheese music. I wish I liked this kind of stuff, I really do. Life would be so much simpler. I would probably be a much happier person. Like, yesterday on the subway I saw this couple. The girl was wearing Birkenstocks and the man was wearing those baffling, brightly colored plastic clogs with holes in them that you see these days. And they were holding hands and laughing and so happy and oblivious to my disgusted stares. Two not-hot people wearing the two most revolting brands of footwear in the world ever had found each other. And I was on my way to my shrink to whine about how hard it is to find a decent boyfriend in the city... I forgot where I'm going with this. I mean, what, should I go buy some of those fucking clogs??
SARAH SMITH



HANDSOME FURS
Plague Park
Sub Pop

Hey, this is pretty good. It's one of the guys from that band Wolf Parade (who suck, except for that one song, which you must admit is a good song) and his wife. This is drum-machiney, sadman music, but the songs are good and when I put the CD on I feel sad but also kind of hopeful, and for some reason I've always liked that feeling.
ANITA BAKERS DOZEN





BLACK MOTH SUPER RAINBOW
Dandelion Gum
Graveface/Southern

At any given moment it sounds as if Black Moth Super Rainbow could be playing music for Japanese sneaker commercials ("Lollipopsichord") or imperson-

BRIGHT EYES
Cassadaga

Featuring "Four Winds"

The follow-up to
2005's wildly successful
Digital Ash in a Digital Urn
& I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning.
CD/2LP



★★★★ – Rolling Stone, Spin

"There's no doubt Conor Oberst is one of the best and most prolific songwriters of his generation." – Bust

"A collection of sounds, moods and shadowy stories that, side-by-side feel perfectly at home." – Paste

"Weaving from romantic sagas to doomsday prophecies, Oberst delivers his most mature and connected work to date. His sharply written heartland vignettes are set to graceful melodies and swaddled in lush orchestration and layers of breezy acoustic instrumentation ... prospects for the music's creator look bright indeed." – USA Today

TWO GALLANTS
THE SCENERY OF FAREWELL

Five song acoustic EP to be followed by a new full-length in fall 2007



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WORST COVER OF THE MONTH: SHADOWS FALL

ating Pink Floyd doing sound tracks for nature films ("Drippy Eye"). And with lots of fun, bonus Moogs everywhere. So versatile! And also: WOW!
GONG LEE



ARTANKER CONVOY
Cozy Endings
CD + DVD
The Social Registry

Ooh, I love art! Don't you love art? What we've got ourselves here are some neat-o art films by MUX collective that look like relics from the cool and weird part of the 1960s accompanied ever so gracefully by the timeless and smooth stylings of Artanker Convoy. It's all slow-motion girls doing modern-dance experiments with trails and trippy effects over soft, jazzy sax solos and like those drums that you play with egg whisks or whatever. Man, I wanna use the word "groovy" here so bad! But like in a totally positive way!
MEGHAN SNEEDBERG



ROCKABYE BABY!
Lullaby Renditions of Queens of the Stone Age
Baby Rock

OK, so this album is awful, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't be trying weird shit of a similar nature. Back in the 60s you couldn't write a single song without somebody releasing a samba version, an orchestral version, a Moog version, a good seven or eight cover versions by go-nowhere local bands, a barking-dogs version, and a vanity disco version by some coked-up ex-celebrity ten years after the fact. It was par for the course, and it made the musical landscape that much richer. Not a big fan of all the yelling at the end of "Hey Jude"? Here, try the Temple City Kazoostra's cover. What I'm saying is, instead of recoiling like a snob at things like this or Kidz Bop doing "My Humps" or that reggae Radiohead tribute album from last year (yes, you've already guessed its title), we should be celebrating them for the diversity they attempt to foist upon our staid, homogenous music scene. Either that or just consider them slight missteps on the road to a half-speed album of Aqua songs sung by a Christian flipper baby playing the wine glasses—aka sonic paradise.
KEFTON MEER



GROWING
Vision Swim
Troubleman

This album sounds like some dream where I'm a petulant kid who hates the noise the buzz saw makes whenever I have to use it (for whatever reason), but then the guys from Growing are like, "Wait, listen to it... now," and suddenly it sounds like a really sharp synth, and they start playing the rest of the things in the kid factory along with me (conveyor belts, bright blue windows, vat of molten iron, etc.) and we're all smiling at the music we can make when we all work together. Man, I wish I could get my hands on some good acid these days.
ZESTON FRAME



DANIEL A.I.U. HIGGS
Atomic Yggdrasil Tarot
Thrill Jockey

Eccentric musician nerds—you gotta love the fact that they exist, setting the crazy bar way up high in the sky and eating crumbs out of their beards. The voice of the almighty Lungfish goes bleep-bloop insane here, and while it's not exactly easy listening, it doesn't suck. Think of songs like "Hems and Seams" as acid-trance music from a few million light years away and you'll at least have some sort of reference point for this freaky shit.
BROWN SANTA



SLEEPYTIME GORILLA MUSEUM
In Glorious Times
The End

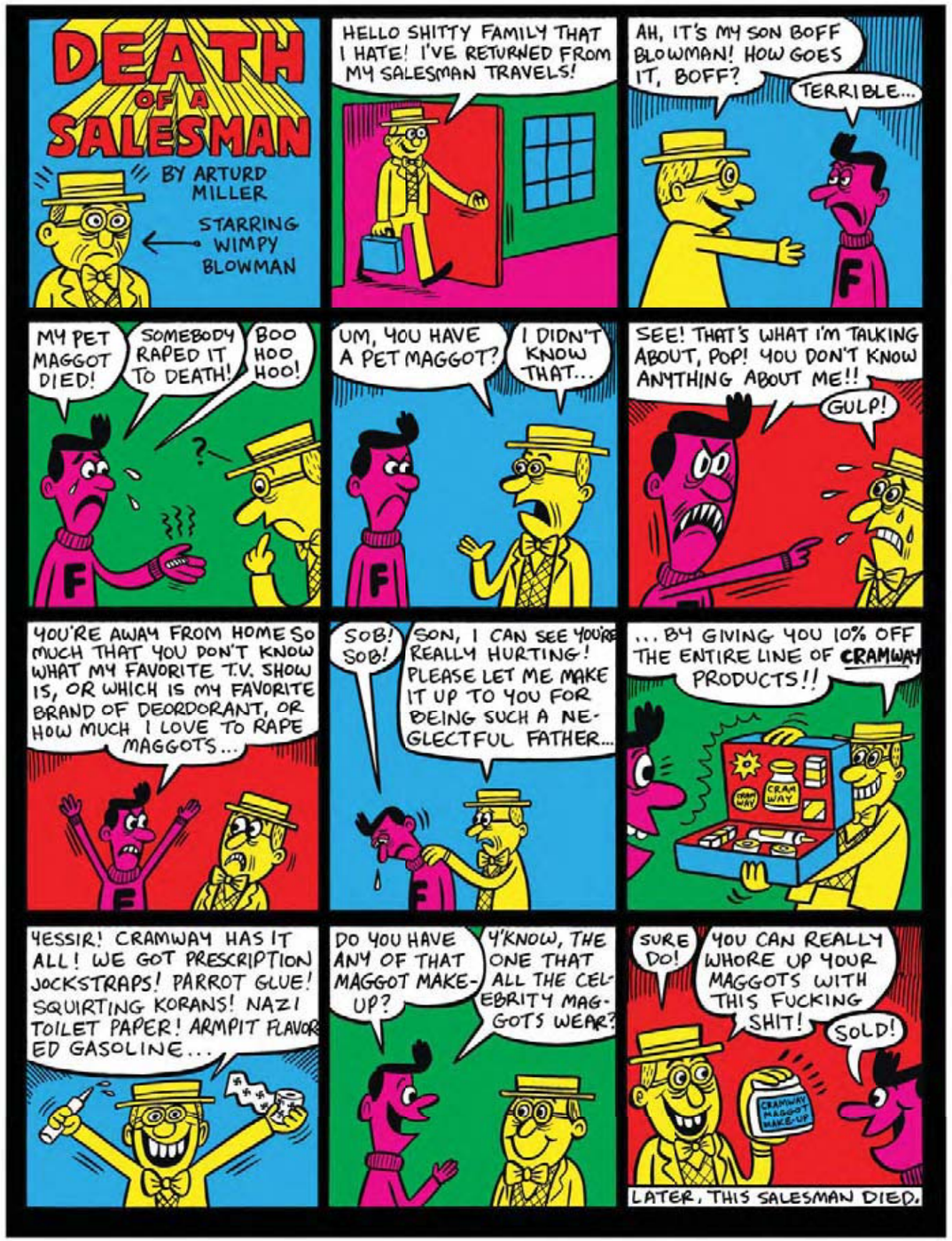
I know it can be tough to predict where you'll go with something and hindsight's 20/20 and all, but if you're going to name yourself something like this you've either got to be one adorable band of goofeteers or the heaviest, most unfuckwithable band that ever lived. Shooting the middle with ho-hum, Mike Patton-inspired cabaret nonsense just makes you the butt of your own joke. And that only works if you're Jewish.
BLUMONT CHINOLA



MERZBOW, CARLOS GIFFONI & JIM O'ROURKE
Electric Dress
No Fun Productions

A reviewer better versed in noise projects might use this space to pontificate about structures, texture, and the warmth of analog tape. All I can offer is that when I turn this up really loud it scares the living shit out of my neighbors, who are Puerto Rican and therefore easily confused. This in turn gives me a brief respite from their own "noise project," a never-ending aural assault comprised of crying babies, domestic-abuse sounds, and Marc Anthony. Apparently they are constantly working on new material too... maybe No Fun should get a demo?
SASSY SWEATPANTS




DEATH OF A SALESMAN
BY ARTURD MILLER
STARRING WIMPY BLOWMAN
HELLO SHITTY FAMILY THAT I HATE! I'VE RETURNED FROM MY SALESMAN TRAVELS!
AH, IT'S MY SON BOFF BLOWMAN! HOW GOES IT, BOFF?
TERRIBLE...
MY PET MAGGOT DIED!
SOMEBODY RAPED IT TO DEATH!
BOO HOO HOO!
UM, YOU HAVE A PET MAGGOT?
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT...
SEE! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, POP! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME!!
GULP!
YOU'RE AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT MY FAVORITE T.V. SHOW IS, OR WHICH IS MY FAVORITE BRAND OF DEORDORANT, OR HOW MUCH I LOVE TO RAPE MAGGOTS...
SOB! SOB!
SON, I CAN SEE YOU'RE REALLY HURTING! PLEASE LET ME MAKE IT UP TO YOU FOR BEING SUCH A NEGLECTFUL FATHER...
...BY GIVING YOU 10% OFF THE ENTIRE LINE OF CRAMWAY PRODUCTS!!
CRAM WAY
YESSIR! CRAMWAY HAS IT ALL! WE GOT PRESCRIPTION JOCKSTRAPS! PARROT GLUE! SQUIRTING KORANS! NAZI TOILET PAPER! ARMPIT FLAVORED GASOLINE...
DO YOU HAVE ANY OF THAT MAGGOT MAKE-UP?
Y'KNOW, THE ONE THAT ALL THE CELEBRITY MAGGOTS WEAR?
SURE DO!
YOU CAN REALLY WHORE UP YOUR MAGGOTS WITH THIS FUCKING SHIT!
SOLD!
CRAMWAY MAGGOT MAKE-UP
LATER, THIS SALESMAN DIED.


NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH
A FILM BY
NIKE SB
COMING THIS FALL 2007
CAST & CREW PARKING
LARGE FLOODLIGHT
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PAUL RODRIGUEZ REESE FORBES STÉFAN JANOSKI BRIAN ANDERSON TODD JORDAN
LARK HASSLER
nothing_but_the_truth.indd 1591pi 8/24/2007 11:00PM

Barely There











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